The Waves.

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Rodmell

NYPL

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The Waves.

"It now becomes clear to me, said Bernard, "at College, here
where the pressure of life is so extreme, where my lips are
often wet with talking it becomes clear to me, especially
at a moment like this - when I have just left a crowded room -
full of people, that I differ from other people in
that the disharmony between my public self &
my private self is unusually great. Unusually
aware of a room full of tobacco smoke & empty plates -
that when & the stone steps ring with my
solitary footsteps & the I behold the moon
rising with a certain indifference, at the end of the
ancient chapel, - it now becomes clear that I differ
chiefly from other people because my some disharmony
between my public self who is so self conscious.
my private self who is so self conscious. That is what
they do not understand - for they are now discussing me.
They do not understand that I am abnormally
abnormally aware of having a great deal of it on
purpose - my sympathies are easily aroused.
I am abnormally aware of circumstances.
I am aware perhaps to a dangerous extent what
your views were talking about the humble on the end
of his nose - he was asking that his chances of
making a good impression as Billy Jackson were -
as indeed they were - poor. (This I put to the test
of my lingers - I am not dreaming merely.) Yours
Curiously enough, as I said what I did say

& the arches ring with my
~~boot~~ solemnity

bubbling &
~~excited~~

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with that end in view. "But general to the somebody or a woman") am picturing my own biographer "he had the common sense, shall we call it, of a man." Now the people who make a single impression & that on the main a good one — because, as they are Wagner, a changeable man is destructed, are those who keep their Equilibrium in mid stream. Canon, Lycett, Peter, Hawkins, Neville — fish in midstream. But you understand, you my help who always comes to a call, & that would be a harrowing utterance to call, I have no help to come — that would indeed make the midnight hollow — a Eyeless the caverns ~~which are~~ ties in the sea cold men in clubs & they have given up calling) for understand that I am only imperfectly represented by the what I was saying to night; underneath & wherein and, at the same moment, I am entirely integrated. Disintegrated = losing sense principle & sympathising with his predicament: Integrated = sitting in my hole like a toad in a rock & ~~being supply~~. Very few of you have the double consciousness as strongly as I have. Lycett you see believe in running after hares. Hawkins had spent a most enthusiastic afternoon in the Library (I met him coming out) Peter his reported — I think wrongly — has his young lady at ~~the all Cigar shops~~ Gordon. in the tobacconists shops. You are all Sagge Engaged — involved — drawn in: I doubt there that will ever happen to me. In my case Something remains ~~unattached~~ Utterly unattached.

For example, ~~I am~~ to as a person ~~of my~~ ~~absurdity~~ and susceptibility to influences, & my I have only to attempt to my own words, ~~& that~~

the stem & robes scarcely

You friend where is he now?

I nobody Comes

receiving whatever comes.

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a to me by bath, with a shawl or shapher and a gown
Carelessly thrown over a chair to [illegible] her dressed with the
Closers, with the delicious Certainty of being able now to
work my letter, which I [illegible] this morning. (It is
Postponed.) am now in the mood. I was wrong to sit
down deliberately. It must have been a simple melodious book.
It must seem to be [illegible] effort a heavy. I have

That the must get the impression that though he — this is
extremely. — is writing in a tearing hurry, he is writing
with intimacy not writing as he would to another man.
There must be some subtle [illegible] suggestion of intimacy &
reheat. Letter is to be kept very light. I shall have
Lady with that [illegible] as if I were talking from one
thing to another. I shall describe the service to the man
who was drowned; & to Mrs McNatt & her family
looking; & to Jim replete, apparently casual, but
full of profundity, about some book I have been
ready (profound criticism & often written in an
apparently casual way) [illegible] will remember
[illegible] as she is brushing her hair,
as she is putting out the candle. "Have
did I read that?" [illegible] the Reed, this the
dark, this the apparent hot mottled effect, as it
Everything were tumbling out pale mask that I want. It —
Yes, this Byron I am thinking of. A sip of
Byron will help to hurt me in the mood. Let
me read a bit. No, this is dull; this is too
better. Now I am getting the hang of it — this
Reed, this [illegible] Not I [illegible] Yes I [illegible]
I am now I have now only to take up work in
that rhythm. And get at [illegible] that. I will
force it before out. I can't get up steam enough to

want her
to say,

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carry me over the next transition. And if I begin to re-write it, it ~~will~~ hammered, artificial; I will write the letter after breakfast to-morrow.

Now, the ~~first~~ letter ~~I think of her~~. Let me fill my mind with ~~all the~~ images with imaginary pictures. ~~Instead~~ They ~~stay~~ ask me to stay at Rectover ~~which is near~~ Kings Langley, Watford, Langley three miles, I arrive in the dusk. Let me see – there are ~~two cars~~ a three mile drive, & [illegible] yards, & a ~~rather~~ tall military gentleman smoking a pipe, ~~in the~~ a cigarette. Distinguished poverty, some connection with the army. A hoof on the creaky table. Do you ride? Yes, I love riding. Then we go into the drawing room. A ~~Cup of tea~~ My heart bound against my ribs. There ~~yesterday over~~ – in a very short skirt: She has been hunting, running; the muscles, like a young boy. I see the pallor of the pale-chestnut head, I ~~must~~ ~~easily~~ make a good impression on the Colonel. I am not too clever, he thinks: I am not too raw. I can watch the surroundings up to a point with extraordinary ease. But can I make it equal reality would? We ~~are~~ ~~At~~ Can I get it exact sight? ~~A message for the Colonel~~ We are left alone. ~~Can I hear her voice~~ ? I want to ~~make her say~~ something. "Renard?" Now I want to hear her voice. Now over the rag I want to get the precise expression.

The fault is that I need the stimulus of other people. I tend to see through the ~~illusion~~ glory of ~~our~~ dreams. The real novelist, the intensely simple human boy, comes to me, I suppose, ~~indistinctly~~ ~~encapsuling~~ that I ~~must only perceive~~ the absurdity as ~~some~~ grey blind flaps in my face. Everything becomes dim, impressions.

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I see the grey ashes in the grate & the very black within ~~dead~~ coals.
& they myriad images of the probably pale things. And
~~usual~~ ~~same~~ What been on the whole a good day.
The drop that forms on the roof of the mist in the
Evening is a round, & many-coloured. I came off
very ~~well~~ ~~on~~ Jack Jan's ~~dress~~. I was There was my
money: There was the afternoon: I like views of Rivers from —
Durham. I like people seen against windows. And
I was very ~~brilliant~~ — I came off very well — things kept
popping into my head. ~~That was rather unbecoming~~
however — ~~as they have to do~~ ... But which of them am I —
am I the ~~dreamer: am I the~~ In one day I seem to act so many
parts. None of them seem to be really myself.
This is me — This is what I am — when I take the
letters & rather sit between the bars & the ~~fire~~
Cinders fall through. & for a moment There is no
~~the~~ matter whatever. I ~~make~~ the matter an
awful bother. Then Mrs. Mollat comes & presses still
up. She comes. yes: & I go to bed, wondering whether
Let me remember that. For what with one thing & another —
being so many people, unperturbed contained in a thin
like that which wraps a parcel, life is bound to be
Damnably unpleasant — full of pain, ache & sudden
terrors as the attic probably grows thy, just as they're
saying "this happy. How's a contented fellow" I shall
for today, what with one thing & another,
Damnably unhappy. And so to bed.

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But now, let me ask myself a final question, as I sit over this grey fire, with occasional promontory of black coal — which of these people am I really? When I say it myself Bernard who comes? ~~Strangely enough,~~ A faithful sardonic man, who is disillusioned but not embittered. Who he who now takes the poker & rather than the cinders so that they fall in showers through the grate. ~~His~~ Lord he says to himself, whatever bother! And then he adds, apparently to others of us Mr. Moffat presents his compliments. ? May I thank you where to myself that phrase, as I rather like it, hanging from side to side, "Mr. Moffat presents his compliments." And so to bed."

for my life I forget his address

wash my face

"Is it wide known, or is it judgment," said Neville. "that Bernard lacks? For ourselves no doubt would have had a name for it — they had a name for everything: He is an unduly minded man. One pictures his always surrounded by half written pages; & greasy crumpets. The most discrepant things accumulate round him: therefore he will always remain in a state of dependence about his own feelings — Therefore he is an unsatisfactory person to have any intimate relations with. Mr. Norris, or whatever his name is, means as much to him as I do. That is the fundamental reason against letting oneself slip. ~~His chaos~~ ~~There is no coherency~~. His chaos, which is incoherence, rises from something diffused, undifferenced: there is no outline: no intensity.

Engagement of eyes.

But in a world where ~~all is~~ is which contains moments of perfect happiness — like this — why discriminate! I declare solemnly & avow publicly — so this is I look

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this brings a knowledge deepening my heart — that I want nothing changed. Dreamy is poured over me till I ask back no, stilled, responsive: the boat goes down down. The turf has to the one second before the right left. I am warm. I am comfortable at rest. I see the river — I see the sun. Boats float come past. Far away a bell tolls — but not for death — only to mark another hour of this incredibly [illegible] happy existence — it has seems to fade from joy. To be young & to be in love — & to realise that

much happy more

once — young, & is in love, as one realises that here there — a one sees in the fine branches that, red & gold, in fine a fountain whole behind, obscured by red leaves, reflected in the water. So boatboard of [illegible] boys — beautiful & long & strong, careless & is [illegible] happy with

indolent, easy powerful, indecision.

Grammatica & Cicero — & boys [illegible] boys from about two at Eton Eating boys from [illegible] boys — & Euclid, — for I like Euclid — then. Through the fountain the water, [illegible] to see this grass. Yet eternally joyous buildings; white seem joyous, not grand, light, high yet so immortally in the Earth; & to be admitted a part of it — I am [illegible] & ask this, with delicacy yet [illegible] Discourse. I shall confuse my own sensations. I reckon Discourse. I feel with sudden pang. Now — there he is, indolent, powerful, indecision. And my [illegible] worried [illegible] rocks round me. I stop. I look at him. He is terribly evident to be lonely. He has no sense of [illegible] no sense of pathos. I catch myself against Conceit & Photographs. His charm is always [illegible] of Complete indifference to the intellect. His irony is full of ease. He has dreadful china ornaments. And Beat for Boat for his boat Watch in: the dreadful grey man twangs at the zither. Then from under the trees. Now another comes. Then

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a buffoon
them about
like a new
Foundland
dog with
his paw.

Perceval - That is his monolithic - giant reform. Or is it only
poor one of his followers - Rabelais mistaking his monolithic -
Giant whom? They have ate caught his tricks. The clown is
indeed more of his following or gesturer with certain
indifference of the catcher they catch. X Had I only - like this
beauty - had I only Bernard Shaw - what finality do
I lack then; for beth alas, the moment wanes - There is a
Check in the air - something faulty. I cannot admit
felicity for long I am too sharp set. I am too
clearly aware of the facts. X Now there begins to me in
me the 'amchan rhythm: words that have been dormant
like a great sea, now run in waves. Could I catch the
moment, could I let my whole being fly on its back
upon light, upon music as my hair flowers, I could
then be whatever my maddest moments I believe
myself to be — a great poet. The rhythm runs - fails:
As I sing the rainbow explores - I try to hunt from me
the one thread of perfect happiness - the boat: I push
passing: the pier: the distant spires. Yet even as
I feel the impulse, the hurry & tumult, I try to
give me the peace. Some [illegible] of
regality, ... I am detached from my fingers by women
walking with umbrellas & strong bags. My eye
which is clearly observant & rather too
sarcastic adds some drop of caustic to my fancy:
which loosens higher; & yet becomes, by these
tears, wilful, wise-ass. I do not know.
It may be boredom. It may have the authentic mood.
Who is that approaching? Is it Bernard? Yes;
bring great relief. For I feel tolerant, amongst. I view
his frankness, his kindness. I wish to be his friend.
with him to his poetry.

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I want the present the assurance of friendship. I want to clasp
something solid. the present is unbearable."
I know him. And I wait for the I feel, long before he is here,
a presence a shadow a nobility, falling on me; changing me: I am
How curiously I am changed by the addition of someone else!
Yet the change is profound — from uncertainty & melancholy to the
peace & stability & assurance of Bernard. How useful an
office friends perform! Yet how painful to be recalled
from these windy regions — to be metafised — to have ones
self adulterated, mixed up; made hasty and unlike. And
yet how salutary — how good he is!"

"How strange" said Bernard, "the two books, seen together.
I was Byron — I am always somebody else — could I read for:
& the two were Byron me. Now we will look at together: Shall I read?
& I will read Let me tell you what I feel. I feel your clarity; I
feel your decisiveness; I feel you force. I feel that I am
an untidy & impetuous person beside you whose handwriting is stained with the grease of
Cromlets. Yes, I hold Grey's elegy in one hand; with
the other I scoop out the bottom Cromlet — the one that
has absorbed all the butter. This offends you, absurd-
ly enough. But I then proceed to tell you how
I have just pulled Percival out of bed; & describe his
slippers, his watch, the wash basin, in such a way that
you, strong as you are, trembled upon your throne
perilously reserve as you are, cannot resist
resist my charm. My own charm delights me too.
words such as, metaphor. I am
delighted enriched by all the things I have observed. That is
the way, I say to myself, in which I ought to
write my life. I am always making letters.)

Lamenting, Laughing:

& I will

& I feel perfectly calmly.

must take surely accents.

When I unrock whatever may be the bath;

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I begin to suspect that I am a born novelist - I am filled with
the lust of youth, with potency, with the sense of what is to come.
Floundering but fervent I see myself bursting round all the
Powers of life & how richly I shall enjoy my years in
London, my manhood, my freedom; how — but
Hop. You are not listening.
Diagnose our friend's malady. - You've had
affluence & plenty. You seem to me, have by me also
me by; Hop; & ask me, what haunts you? & I create you,
Neville; placing you & see you in my mind eye. You
sit on the bank, thus lovely, this fading, this still
warm & wound October day, watching leaves.
beauty. What Myth the first things that see.
Could I in as the a very first book: you wish to be loved.
Yet to splendid as the clarity of your intelligence, so
remorseless as the honesty of your mind, that
you would hate him for — there are the
shallow which make me shift a little, uneasily.
which make me see the faded pattern & the
thin strands in my own equipment, — bring you to a
halt; sudden am I right. Yes, give me your
hand; take out the sheets that you wrote last
night in such a fervour of inspiration that you
are now a little shamefaced about, & let us
go back, over the bridge, under the Elm trees, to my
room, where with walls round us, & none of this
distracting noise - this scent, savour of other time-
less things just with this - deductive arms &
& these some dreamy romantic figure passing lightly
along the avenue, we can shut ourselves in, & talk.

hatred
power.

letting him
& this;
in the
Second Copy,
in the
Blue Journ-

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Oh yes. I know what you are feeling – that I have deserted you. like a swarm of bees, buzzing after any distraction suddenly impressive, interested: ~~without any~~ has any power of defying ~~you~~ my ~~totally~~ remorselessly upon a single object: ...

"When ~~when~~ there are buildings like these" said Isabella, "~~when~~, I cannot endure ~~the~~ that there should be those girls, ~~Continuing to take~~ bags of sweets, ~~littering~~ pavements. their litter their ~~going~~ offend my eyes: headaches into my Bedlams. ~~wasted~~ me, even a moments pursuit of distraction that) how we have regained our ferocity, after that long truce with the bicycles & the bags of sweets – ~~women's underclothing~~. Here we are masters of Fraxellsbury: inheritors after Radcliffe. The legists are beginning to make Nile across the misty Levens. Mists from the river are filling these ancient places. The leaves are thick in country lanes: but ~~here~~ here, in your room; we are warm, dry. Secluded, with books on the shelves. You have been reading Byron: you have been marking the passages that seemed to you true & princely. I find marks ~~everywhere~~, against all those passages which seem to express ~~your~~ a ~~can~~ cardinal ~~&~~ set you strongly against ~~the~~ why ~~impulsive~~ the Lasting duty against ~~a~~ the ~~cant~~ lack of nature: ~~your~~ a moth the Lasting duty against ~~a~~ the ~~cant~~ lack of life. You think that you have a ~~the~~ real understanding of life. And yet Byron never made tea like that. ~~when~~ You always felt the hot ~~lost~~ fate of that when you lost the lid on the tea ran over. Look – There is a brown pool on the table, among the books, among the letters. You must mop it up with your handkerchief, & then stuff the handkerchief back in your pocket – that is ~~the~~ demand; that is

to degrading memories.

in the River.

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Jan 20 Incidentally ~~you~~ that it I think after an twenty years time it will be by that I came. If you are dead then, I shall weep.
And ~~kept~~ Even ~~you will be~~ then you will be Wholly young man;
& then you will be Marcelette, young man; & then you will
visit Paris in the Earle holidays & come back a
Frenchman whom nobody has ever heard of. Then I shall
drop you.

I am always myself. I do not misrecount Catullus,
whom I adore. I am the most slavish of students,
with here a dictionary, here a pot hook in which
Ends Even ~~and~~ & the hard translation.
What can one do in five years cutting three ancient
inscriptions chaser ~~a~~ with a ~~sharp~~ knife? Shall I
always draw the red serge curtain close, & see my
book, like a block of marble, pale under the lamps?
No doubt such would be a glorious life; ~~& then to~~
to addict myself to a certain kind of scholarship: ~~&~~ to follow it
see ~~observance, regardless~~; regardless of hours, or
deduction; to be poor & unthought; ~~to~~
~~Unthought for~~ What I am saying ~~is~~ very ~~grievously~~ to you
the time: to conceal my emotion: for I ~~shall~~ started over
you handkerchief ~~in~~ hair; you will stain the
magic of your first kiss & Gigli stare: you
are not listening to me. I am trying to sum me
up courage. I am trying to ~~be~~ come to a secret. I am
trying to ask you to take my life into your hands
& tell me whether I am doomed by some physical
Or absolutely only to Cane Caper; & if I am a
Jew? & you will only Coward, one Weak ass — could one
Lay hand frankly on a woman - for one only
friend you know my I stand with my back to you to-
ask him about a impossible question: Letting

Jan
Lend
remember,

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hand trembles, for I would rather be loved, be famous, than [illegible]
[illegible] through the sand, calling at midnight, becoming one
+ more race of Calcutta. Virgil. Lucretius, a make-shift dead
And I am not loved; I am utter poor. Here is my
manuscript.

I give it you. I stop pacing up + down the room. The
dress, which is loaded behind with heavy + cold in lead,
like a burden. The pendulum [illegible]. The thing I
am at peace by, at the [illegible] [illegible] +
real family + life, my love of life, my vein [illegible]
work, + its immortality to virtue +
vigour, its beauty, all at intolerably
(Even in these pale) [illegible] down, intolerably
[illegible] + strong — ah this is in my ache as
I know — catch it — my poem.

"He has gone" said Bend "Change me with this
[illegible] friendship... I two week pain thrown between
the pages of Mathematical formula.

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"It has removed that extraordinary presence which is so devastating" said Bernard. "He has shot like an arrow from the room, leaving me with his poem: O friendship — I two wide green flowers between the pages of Shakespeare's sonnets. O friendship, [illegible] tender: tenderness piercing as [illegible] are your thoughts. I feel it here — [illegible] alone [illegible] gave me his poem. All gone [illegible] evaporated. That confidence I shall retain to my dying day. Like a long wave, a roll of water, which he went over me, draping the very pebbles & light that lie on the bed of my soul. It was peaceful, it was heavenly, homely & peaceful. Nelt embarked, dreams together. My dungeons were rolled up like old clothes, and I was alone with [illegible] to feel him going away from me: to feel attached to another person: to feel the cord lengthening: as he drifted between him & me. There was always to some physical attachment, and yet holding his poem. But how, how gentle this pressure, removed, to admit no longer the presence, of another to feel them, from dark corners in which they took shelter, hiding themselves — why I know not — in fear & shame, ah my familiars; mocking, those wordless those shabby comfortable inmates; those mocking, observant, & timid, with their common, with their fibre & antlers, who, every [illegible] & crevice & take of the moment took notes on my behalf, & are now ready to come flocking & darkening the air & screeching me with their [illegible] & I become that [illegible] laughter & impiles curses. For I am not more selves than Neville others. the simplifiers & makers ready, for his own harbours. the dancers —

It has worked

ah else that away to hidden shades.

as if there were a nerve mid, contact, there between us, entrance

& their mans dirjuses, (Bernard re Byron - re)

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to meet his own need.

meet their need.

(we are our friends as measure of our own greatness)

who always kept the dance away as the brake turned the corner.

simplicity. We are not simple as our friends would have us. Yet love is simple.

Now they have all returned; now the Utah, the rent in my defences which Neville made with his outstretched spear is covered, is repaired; I am almost whole again; & see how badly I am to bring into play all that Neville ignores in me; to have the love & faculties which he has not; to feel, as I look at the window, a That regret would give ~~him~~ Neville no pleasure. ~~That means more to me than it does to him~~ but it upon me) an richer, wider, ~~he~~ he seemed as my help than hers. My deepe embraces ~~me~~ many me. I am stirred by the word of singing - They are thanking heaven. They are celebrating now we work the magic. The little boys in Cairo are now making merry. They are clapping each other on the shoulder & telling stories of absurd adventures - which Neville, ~~partly~~ delicately avoiding ~~not~~ self intervene, harken back to his words, & thanks of me? ~~for~~, he thanks I can see again him. I can see him in his low chair gazing at the fire, which has assumed, for the moment, an architectural solidity. ~~He~~ The white coal he likes that - he thinks: ~~he~~ above all he discerns order; & architecture: his room with ~~him~~ in the manner of Pope: he detests my Byzantine architecture: & his eyes (for he is in love - with whom I do not know - but his figure of love presided at our interview) fill with tears, of desire for some impossible state of & ~~heaven~~ bliss: & snatching the poker he ends that momentary appearance of solidity. Even they pass - Every thing vanishes. Nine moments that we have so enjoyed. And youth - And love - The boat

NYPL

her elevated through the fringe of the tree: it was just the
end. He will go to India - We shall never meet again.
Crushed ~~in his own tract~~ Then he stretches his hand for-
that of Jasper & reads, ~~to~~ gravely, smoothly, long lines of
poetry. I will read them. Yes, but I
went to listen to the rollicking chorus. They are
smashing the china. Waves like a torrent, pouring
rocks, brutally are melting old trees, coarsely, yet
goodnaturedly. They are always blaming about
fathers who have drowned, brothers who have frozen.
In they roll: as they fall; after hound, after
foothold: as they jump up & down in fancy boots,
like sacks of grain attached to oars. How
hoarse, carefree, fervent it sounds. The
gentle October wind ~~finds it~~ the sound in
Jasper hunts in & out ~~after it~~ & round & round
There I can see an old deathly unkempt woman
carrying a shiny bag. She trots home under the
open red windows, busy about what they
will come shouting down the staircase &
knock her over. Waves like a flaming sickly
bonfire. She is going home to ~~feed~~ small
boys & girls, ~~has~~ to the youngest the large family
father round a table eating bread & dripping. His
husband is a fine man & gets up at eight in
the evening. Neville ~~Hunter~~ is deaf & dumb to all
you. He sits over his tea, contorting the tools of
some ~~his~~ trading in the manner of Poke: a strange
letter, a strange

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That I see a Neville does not see; that I feel a Neville does not feel. Hence he will reach perfection in life & I shall fail. And Louis? What malevolent, yet searching light does he throw upon this Dwindling autumn Evening, upon this ~~ancient seat of learning~~, upon this China smashing, & now they are ~~saying~~ ~~of Jonathan John Pett~~! Nothing of learning yet! & this thin lake are pierced at this moment over some document. He "My father, the a banker at Wentbank" ~~failed~~, & ~~Louis~~, so much better ~~adapted to a~~ fitted for learning than I am, is already ~~better~~ a ~~has already earned~~ so he sits in ~~some~~ office. But now & again I feel his eye on me. eddying in up, like unspecified ideas in some total which is to be ~~in~~ pursuing. One day the addition will be complete. His perseverance, his loyalty are remarkable. He ~~with arrives at the conclusion~~ It has already arrived at the conclusion that ~~His~~ — ~~Jane~~ that must be a chair thrown against the wall — "this is Damned." "~~He makes a success addition to Non Hero~~" "Yes, ~~as I shot my~~ lean at the window, & drop my cigarette. So that it goes eddying high the & catches on the ~~her~~ grass. I can distinctly see Louis watching ~~it~~ me, ~~Drawing him~~ drawing & yet what an edge, what an intensity he carries. & how ~~I should be~~ Ecstasy moved he the knocked at the door now, if I saw ~~him~~ — the carriage as he does that. "Louis makes me feel that means something.

dear Basil Nicolson.

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"The Public from the window" said Louis, "motor cars.
Behind motor omnibuses, vans, motor cars,
from the window. In the background are shops & houses.
In the foreground are glass shelves with plates of buns.
All is somewhat obscured by steam from the tea urn,
A meaty & savoursome smell hangs comfort of
beef & mutton & steak & chops & sausages & mashed
hangs down like a damp net. I drop my
evening paper on a bobbin of Worcester sauce.
obscure humanity. But I cannot
But even so I am not a clerk. I cannot (They go on
passing. They go on passing.) I cannot read my
paper with satisfaction. I am an average Englishman"
I say. "Now I eat, (but I look at the three men
at the next table to me & am doing what they do.)
And I notice yet next. Suddenly
middle class that are always in agitation, they
are discussing the case of a steam, which blocks up
the hall, & I would take a penny. "It is nothing one
of the big makers: I would take a penny." The
people go on passing. I am conscious of worry, of
disorder, of men go hurriedly low up, steaming in disorder.
"I would take a penny to be rid of it" he say. And
then they dive, sleek as cormorants or gannets when
feathers are thick with oil, into the waters. Now
Combatting the regularity of them is! All & cannes
are vanity. This is the mean, the average. Meanwhile
The people go on passing — short, tall, some up, others down;
& the door pathetically open. Sad The rhythm
that pervades the shop house: the waltz
music motor omnibus, go pianoforte, go shop. The waitress
fails in the undulating in a cart, bowing her body in a

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rhythm between the table & dealing the plates & spoons & knives &
apricot rhythmically with method. And as she carried on & on,
in this wave, a wish to be addressed with deep tenderness, they, the
average men, call her by her name, address the tenderness
words to her, fall into the rhythm, talk lullaby about prisoners.
Here is the central rhythm. Here I see the common
meanings expand, contract. Yet I am aware of it:
alien heart. I am ill at ease. They hear my American
accent; & all prick up their ears, to detect. What
time & where & home from. & who else
else else else, a nest, a refuge, any alien & eternal. I
who would work to be hunter & the sign blindly
acquiesce, must become, with the back of my eye,
the watchful dreamer. To me is addressed the any
which & hear always, whatever book & buy a wheelbarrow
Adam & find entrance under us. Buy an heir into
eternity — we who pass despicably, hobby up & down,
shut & talk, part the window — with a background of
stars, a leopard of bars & glass shelves. His
Now to go to bed the Comedy. I shall return you
to order:

What then is it that lies at the back of everything?

NYPL

Here is a little book which contains a sentence – or shows a way;
I mean a perfect sentiment; only a few words: but poetry
and you all (yourself – and I) cannot translate it, so that
its binding power – for such I interpret it – rings for me: a
makes clear to you what you do not, why you appear aimless, &
so removes that despondency which, if you acquiesce in
aimlessness, pervades you, making you tremble, shriek,
Even when you are young. To translate that Greek
so that it is available to clerks in city restaurants is my
to be my endeavour. Feeble as I am; I offer to whatever
yearning, hopeless, restless, disordered multitude enduring
I wish not submit to this aimless hanging of belly-flesh,
frowning hurry – & all the variegated headdress of women –
& the steam; & the grinding; & the clatter & restlessness
of motor omnibuses; for ever: They shall
shall not be vain.

I am a garden. And my roots go down, through rem-
lent, silver & damp marshy places that exhale odour,
to some Knot hid as with snaky roots, in the navel
of the earth. Long have I heard rumours of war: many
troops of men marching in platoons (cavalry) flocking
like migratory birds: I seem to have seen women
Carrying hatchets; Then I woke, in a garden, with
Crash. Blow on blow my sick, as ever remembering
all this as one remembers the expired sun & toppling
pillars in some great conflagration. Joyfully illuminated
I am to Even sleeping: & waking. Look now.
on the steaming brass tea urn; the glass
Cases of pale yellow sandwiches; the
men in their coats perched on stools at the
Counter; which outside the window has a shell &

NYPL

dodge. I learn that vision relentlessly upon my dream.
His hands on me. Iris like a stigma, burnt on my shivering
flesh by a blue eyed man; a wrote a red hot iron.
I see that against the suddenly Sudden sky avenues,
against the parked flashing bird ways, many feathered,
suddenly folded in vast clouds, of the heart. Stena
my skin burned her: my nobly station; my unswerving
instinct, as I turn my face upon Bernard & Neville.

But I am very weak; but I am very young. I am always
a child in a garden, looking at the vast flat the stream
ran: her made in the grass; dreaming with bare delighted
head, a fierce heat. I am always the youngest of all the
people here; the most innocent, the most loving
you are all excluded; I am naked. When the waiters
young hair you write, you approach & enclose the
accolate you as her brother; you She is your sister.
She holds me at a distance. She repents me. And then,
when I go, I cause myself by stiffening her large a
lip - a shelling ray which I cannot afford - under the
Edge grey blade, so that she may not faint at till
I am gone; & her elbow may not strike on on
the I am hast the swing door.

NYPL

"Now the wind hustles down the haycocks, lifting the dry blonde" said Jean," Now the bird shows a way; & one bird sings close to the window. ~~& the flies swarm over the faded roses on the wreath~~ I will sleep with them, quietly in my stockings. past the bedroom door; Through the kitchen; past the trod dust & the green horse; over the fields & the dunes. I shall hear the day returning ~~& the sea, & the~~ thank ~~& in~~ the whole ~~town~~ land, very ~~peace~~; my dogs, for I cannot believe that I am not the whole field. The new golden tinted field, the new flushed field; ~~peace &~~ ~~black, for the~~ bare ~~is city &~~ the bowed trees ~~Moving after sleeping~~ I possess this earth, because I Come here, morning after morning, when the others are asleep, & Mine are the tracks of bird & the young hare, who early runs when I step together - Mine the dark warm grey hand. And the heron that stretches its rather large. And the ~~hard~~ the cow that creaks, as it pushes forward. And the world shimmering blooms. And the faint roar; & then the pram, where the roar fades. And now the silence. And then a bell. And the cry of the man herding the Cart horses ~~horses~~ from the fields. ah is mine.

one just before another

Went to school, went to Switzerland to finish my Education. Home and ~~this~~ again the ground, - on this wide land, this Jean land, where the clouds move so slowly, where the cart gradually gets larger coming echoing the road. ~~For~~ Men walk by this brown head, ~~swaying~~ slowly, with them whose outlines ~~for slowly this~~ smoke & Pooler. I have known them all my life. I know all these other ones Still rheumatic city men. I: Paris was a ~~long~~ other ~~with~~ me

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Scotland
have her
together:
sentimentally-
in her own,
in soaked
mattress.

India. They drink. I know they treat them asses. The smoke
all the same ones; blue, ~~wood~~ woody. Thyme the complaint
of some of the smell in the junk. They Brothers. Sisters lie
together in those colours. Why not? what does it matter!
Now the blackness the dawn when the lemon skewed seems to
stand by steady, is Wanna is work. Now. The day stirs
Tuesday the Eleventh. ~~There is a fair today,~~
Fair market day. Rags, wool work the jersey in nettles
Carts; & the road with the lash of cows & bullocks.
of cows & whips cracking of blue waggons: Now
~~but~~ the wind dawn to ~~turn again: the~~ the creaking
wheel; the day is rounded & unbridled; the night thing

But what am I?

I do not know myself. I do not separate myself.
I am white in the dawn: & the blaze with all the
Crystal stars at night. I am January, may September —
whatever the season — East to second: here, now
at this fact: where I stand, carting the bucket, where
rose ash a barn. Now I am Lenestra: Eagle: awake:
a huntress; a woman strong; with my dress tied
as a man. I want to give; to give to give:
(what have I to give? Not right & Laziah: not
Elegant & tuned phrase like Bernd, a lovely
word: not Rhodas Hope communication; not
Young: Dancy & personality: I have only
my entire self: undivided, felt, entire: as it was
Thursday in the head wood with Bernd and has
always been. To whom can I give ~~myself~~?
And ~~I could not~~ I would then loosen everything absolutely
I would loosen children. I would loosen some Gold
Snake hoops; with ~~a~~ bumps: rose: lozenges; coins &
rose hung with hearts. I would drink. I would see
tentacles heaved up at the earth.

NYPL

It is my self. My relfs in my eyes. They are heav-shaked.
blue grey. They see insects in the grass. They see ~~things~~
~~hidden under leaves. They look~~ down to the roots. where
they stalk, a heav shape is outwent. I am not a person, but a
legent. falling hard-edged upon this gate, this ground.
I cannot be forced about, ~~softly~~ or most gently, or mix with
other people; or I like best the ~~about~~ stare of shepherds metan
the road; or the ~~thought~~ had look of a gipsy woman, beside a
lilted caravan a dark, as I go by; not going about or
talk about what will we feel." I feel only two things: for my
father, in his old hat, slouching, dreaming, shuffling along
the stone flagged passage humming some tune
always between his fingers; & for the man, in ~~faster~~ with a
cab, in ~~very breathless~~ ~~with a cab~~. the rather heavy
young man, in my breath, who soon will say to me some one
word, stopping his steps, ~~under the~~ ~~opposite tree~~,
in the ~~middle~~ of the afternoon, with the bees droning, &
throbbing muddly heart. ~~who~~ ~~then~~ that one word, to
which I shall answer one word; & then possess him. this
give that which has formed in me, hard as crystal,
indissoluble entire; & then ~~bring forth, and~~, & time only
shall harness children, & house & garden, & life
fruit & harness & flow. & income in time one of
those silent & suspicious and then ~~these~~ a silent women
like my mother, stitching & trembling in an
~~national, fairer~~, ~~but am now only twenty-two~~; ~~eighteen~~:
am now a girl only; & ~~this~~ time
Now I will call my letter, & go back. Now I will
I will now think of food; of the rather wild grazing
young ~~over~~ pheasant; of the dry bread crumbs; of
the metallic taste of Brussels sprouts; of the
coffee; of butter; & Now I will go back

'standing butting upon'

& maids who call me ma'am.'

men, digging in the

NYPL

~~along the~~ ~~seeing~~ feeling my breath sweet in my chest, with
wood smoke, with fresh air. I will walk along the
grass path, where the branches wave, ~~like~~ with regular, with
Army, work men strides, now swerving to avoid the bramble
here leaping lightly to a clump. ~~that~~ a head of sweet
fern on the hair agony through sheet. & my shoes become
as the light thickens
supple & dark; & I see more gently now, more vaguely; &
I shall go in by the Kitchen garden & feel the eggs, one by one.
& rub off the feathers & the grit; & hold them warm in
my palm; & then walk through the cabbages into their Green
Deeps. Really mystery. I am really like a cat or a
dog whose fur is grey with rime, whose hands are
hardened with the baked earth. & then I shall sit
at the table. Browning entitled ~~Fra~~ But on the evening when
the lamps are lit & I see a yellow face in the window
(from the street) I shall think with sudden envy, with
ay jealousy, Even of Rhoda: because in a flash London
Comes before me: I ~~see~~ There are pavements instead of
fields: & wonder where the berries hay But now this
with candy; ~~& the~~ I shall take that there should be another
life not mine."

NYPL

knew the wind left my hand" said Susan, "how I see the
rose on the wall shaper & the knot of ribbon.

"How strange that they should have gone to bed" said Jenny.
There are no lights in any of these rooms. The street is
almost dark. They must be coming; they must be going to sleep:
while with it the night is just beginning. I feel the chute:
feel shining like in an my kind. My feet feel the
pinch of shoes; ~~my hands~~ the lights a necklace lies cold on my
throat; ~~my head is~~ mouth; I can sit bolt upright
arrayed prepared: I wait for the ~~to~~ to ~~as~~ touch my
head. Then is the momentary flame; ~~the protest~~; the
dark moment before the light ~~flies~~ flies: the mind lapse
flowers over me. I

Now I step out, a, looking to see who is there in the
cab arrives, now I go in. Then is the prelude this is the
beginning. I only stand & keep. I touch the a shoe. My
other eye hair necklace dress — all are prepared: exact. I go
up stairs, with people I do not know. I feel, now that my
cloak is off. I go ~~pass~~ to the ordeal of my faces. I
am a statue These are my faces; my shoe a my
expression. I am Here all is decked & ready & stared
prepared. Then they have shed its cloak. Here are the
doors for this that the day was made;
inside room, empty; vase for a few chairs. There are the
green handles: curtains: a other table under a
paper knife. Cab is ready.

This is what I meant, what I loved. I am a
statue here. The carpet absorbs I like the
carpet to feet under me; I stand naturally a
Carpets that give a little; or a floors that echoes the boot
floors. Jews I shall Hide a dance. There are great

a the
dear
Thing fall
& the door outside
as I pass
Parted
Susan as
I pass
the bed
room

I am
arrayed,
prepared.

a the
feathers,
taking out
two pins
and
them

fearlessly
looking
nobody,
not
with
penetration

NYPL

how the wind lifts my hair" said Susan, "how like the
rose on the wall paper & the dust of ribbon.

"How strange that they should have gone to bed" said Jenny.
There are no lights in any of these rooms. The street is
almost dark. They must be undressing; they must be going to sleep:
while with it the night is just beginning. I feel the silence:
I feel shining silk on my knees. My feet feel the
pinch of shoes; my hands a necklace lies cold on my
throat; my head is smooth; I can sit bolt upright
arranged prepared: I wait for the to come to touch my
head. Now is the moment; the moment; the
dark moment before the light flares over me. I

Now I step out, a looking glass tells me I know what is there in the
cab arriving, now I go in. Now is the prelude this is the
beginning. I only glance & peep. I touch the a shoe. My
left eye hair necklace dress — all are prepared: exact. I go
up stairs, with people I do not know. I feel, now that my
cloak is off, exposed to the criticism of my peers. I
am a waiter There are my peers; my shoe - a my
profession. I am There all is. Decked & ready & prepared
prepared. The day has shed its cloak.
drawn for this that the day was made;
Here are the
bed room, empty; bare for a few chairs. There are the
green hangings: curtains: a letter table with a
paper knife. All is ready.

This is what I dreamt, what I worked. I am a
native here. The carpet absorbs I like the
carpet to give under me; I tread naturally a
Carpets that give a little; or a floor that shows the wood
floors. Now I walk with a dance. There are great

a the
dumb
shining lights
of the candle
as I pass
rounded
shapes as
I pass
the bed
room

I am
arranged,
prepared.

a the
feathers,
fading, and
the pens
under them

fearlessly
looking
nothing,
but
with
penetration

NYPL

working places. in wh. I see rigidly advancing. I ~~am~~ move ~~[illegible]~~ in to the
Female cubicle or I enter. regulated room. I undress in their light, in their stimulus: under
the eyes of strangers. They ~~look at me~~. All the black & white
In manacles figures look at me. My ~~mind looks~~ My body in cowl: it hits
[illegible]; steps on a few feet, when the tilter cackles in
when the gem is hot a room very young heart. I lean forward; I
~~take off a shoe~~ knock; I look at a machine. Now they come
as I know, for knocking from the cracks, edging out from
further rooms; they come, ~~and hunt my steps~~ to me. a hand. This is the
most exciting thing in the world. And as they come,
In advance. I know secretly how to speak: strangely, languidly,
simple, mocking: for ~~The words come from me~~ No: No
my body speaking. Now do) I do am not thinking; but rather
in speaking, drumby, with a finer instrument; because
I am like a tune being played. I am violin & music. I am
strongly marching under a arch. I say so, I do not
know how, almost with the hand of my hand, & the way
I look at an ivy
I proceed simply. I am crooked, but slow. I am arch. Jay,
funny, melancholy. ~~And~~ I am all thigh my body; ~~when~~
come down, staring golden; ~~then~~ their hope, I say, do not
follow, turning blackness rubbing over me. ,
all gold now, to their ears; (come) then rubbing black. say to
that one stop. ~~My~~ I regard. I send signals these,
~~matters~~ - then I change. They more

Now I name; I look along the rows of unknown people.
Beneath their ~~their~~ clothes are the among the glowing
tossing lights of the women's bones, ~~the~~ stand the male bodies,
hard grooved, with sleep rolls. They Their hands They
are very young. Their hands are fluttering to their ties;

NYPL

They are touching their waistcoats, their knotted handkerchiefs. They
are very anxious to make a good impression. They are
Now one, pale with dark hair, breaks off & comes the room.
Comes hesitating fluttering her hands, bit with eagerness;
melancholy, romantic; comes to my side. And now,
giving my assent, I walk a little desk, as if I were a
limpet broken from a rock, we join hands, we are riveted;
we are swept. We give way to this; we yield to that; we bow to
this: we flow in to the current: now we bend we
come sharp against a rock. There is hardness in their heavily
set muscles. We flow off. Held in cat cat, we
making this great jewelly tapering curved figure: this figure
with notches; which becoming one & it presses in together:
we cannot by ourselves disengage one: it presses hers to me; we
our bodies fit & vibrate together, held by the curving figure: which
suddenly bursts. My blood burns to flow ~~as I stride my body~~
Hard upright. It is as if we had stepped out the solid.
Come then. Let go to the petit chair. in the hallway,
Then is the moment I foresaw: but I am dizzier now. I am
The body is stronger than I thought. ~~I left this~~
Are we not accomplished? Are we not beautiful? Are we
to their notice pursuit or late? My pleasure may look about
here. I am one of you.

Now

NYPL

head. Make the thin hemmed glass a sip. Wine has a drastic ~~unfortunate taste~~. Strongest taste. I cannot help wincing and drink. ~~And then~~, get ~~just between my shoulder blades, there lies the~~ the Dragon. Get just between my shoulder blades, something ~~what is~~: Dry ~~what is confusion there~~ something cancerous, phenegal gradually ~~her~~ chills stony ashes, ashes it hard. Oh there is nothing there is relief! The last bar in my throat lowers slightly. ~~I had~~ words the crowding act. a clutch a harsh hurt, one on the lip, ~~of~~ the chin. It does not matter what I say. The simple & ordinary becomes many. Oh yes, what I, ~~say~~ I have lowered into the cavity between us. "Tell" a a weight seems to take a 'fall' - it often like a heavy door with simple cool falling as it "Tell me what you do" There is an agitation in ~~speaking~~ in the word, but his a fluttering hand. Tell me what you do." I ~~do~~ his again: eyes following them again. all these later are becoming warm, molten, ~~soft~~ soft effervescent. I am a native here. [And now, with a silver nod, I dismiss that one. I want to stand for a] And he says, ~~a I know~~ he that he has been in Italy - ~~And I asked for in crowns~~ The alps in a Chariot, ~~see us~~ And I almost letted by some quality in his voice what he is: I am intimate. I am admitted to the core of another soul. We cross the alps together in a Chariot. ~~for~~ He stands melancholy in a great cloak on Alpine heights. I pick a branch of wild alpine flower which I put with his coat. I stand on tiptoe on a great rock to divert. I do not attach ~~I am not a~~ Now this is over. merely to one person. There are other borders. There are other touches. The enchanted ~~green~~ with blue eyes. There - the door opens. When it opens my life will be changed. No that is only a

That is very foolish.

NYPL

man with a tray. That is a very distinguished man; That is a Rhodes Scholar; but the her clothes are hang on him: they hide him. That is I ~~with wonder) with react~~; The ~~breaks into~~ leaves ~~through unruffled~~ The door not melts; The door not
mix the blood does not take the rhythm; as mine does.
The remains unwarmed. I I will watch: I will wait.
At any moment the door may open; & Then, rebuking
I am a native of this world. There are my kin like blenders Com;
gold, fluent, my body gets on aboard with repeat "come":
" I shall edge ~~[illegible]~~ behind them" said Rhoda, "as if I saw
some one I knew. But I know no one. I shall
touch the curtain: Draughts of oblivion only less
agitate them steady my ~~exclamation~~. The door opens & the figure leaps:
The door opens & the terror rushes in: Yet looks like an
ox the ode of the wind reflecting broken columns. The
sweetness dyes her wing in silver hoofs.

NYPL

I walk to an ravine there to myself in order to calm my agitation.
There are dark bodys under the stars in which the poor slave does live
living. But however the door shews; like approaches: the force &
indifferent weight of people) do not keep, of people ~~Egyptian~~ Egyptian
~~Egyptian~~, assured, & laughy people, who despise me, a voluntary foil
brilliant foreigner, taken from ~~assured~~ among, who knows what
to say, who sits there assured, ~~come up. day~~ approach
with ah there acts of contemptuous indifference; with
only a ~~an~~ faint smile thrown over the hardness, the
Cruelty with which they will torture me. The Swallow
dips her wings. There are ~~is~~ bugs in the sky. The moon
rides velocity. The ~~dark has very thought~~ But despite of ~~is~~ a
th blue seas. ~~And~~ I am ~~made~~ to suffer
here. I am thrust back into this awkward body. My
The moon rides through the sky ~~The~~ I ride, flapping
my cloak wide down along the flower, along the wide
street roads where there are more shadows. I must
face here his pulsations stare; ~~I~~ must note
his boredom, his contempt. ~~I~~ must also lie. There
Yet night has wheeled a little further over the
Chimney pots, & I see some ~~dogs~~ fog, some unembarrassed cat
haired, not trapped in relt, not fettered with night
daggly ~~it~~, thank heaven, heaven, Contemning, ~~an~~ it an
~~But~~ but There I ~~could be~~ in the sky, I could be
~~it~~ free, calm & beat my wings against winds & feel the to
rough airs Choke my throat: here I am pinned down, to
here I am crying ~~Now~~ The liger hates — ~~people~~ Now this ~~tears~~
flame from the furnace rushes in. ~~Now~~ & more heats
The hungers tempers with its stone its cruelty — its
many whips is ~~upon~~ me. I must prevaricate. lie,
find barriers. with which to keep them off — the

mustaches,
armed
in my relations
& am

with
Shelley
fingers &

and
later.

NYPL

Egyptian Equestrian. The famulian. The ~~Indian~~ Equestrian ~~famulian~~
~~many~~ the famulian with lips. Now I think of names & faces.
I think of Cuban women, like Juana: How indefatigably, with
her needle pricking in & out of some calico She turned
upon my troubled, my Slave, many agitation: I think of the
the ~~Mohammed~~ wrong, the ~~wrong~~ from whose wide knees the
Ample Nerds of Ireland. But there is Jenny who rides
Thin Horse like a full centaur. She is imaginable
to me - how remote from me - how ~~of~~ I could be her.
But I am unable to The more: the ~~the Indian~~ The
might be in the heart of a forest, the so confused: She
has no ~~fear~~. To Walk.
What ~~Those~~ I Walk at the centaur, in my
exhaustion. I look at the Sky. I am one of those who
come like a torch, like a Spirit. But ~~one~~. I sit
at home, I sit alone, Rocking some Brown Papers
from side to side. Thus I am gathered together: I am one.
But here, I am destroyed. I fall asunder. My busy
parts in different pieces. I am broken into little
fragments. Where is my unity, my self? I say
Ego sum. I praise. I lament I enter into peoples
Lives as they pass, dancer, as they pass near me
Speaking, with my Tongue. But I am Centaur & cut
with ~~Lipon~~ Thin Lips. I see Thin: I see That: I am
divided, in pieces. Jenny is Centaur: Jenna is Centaur.
When they dance They dance wholly. They have
attained some knowledge beyond my grasp. They have a
wisdom which makes them supple. They say Yes. They say
No. bringing their feet down with a bang on the table.
But I go rolling with the moon down the empty Plaza. I
am alive here, in this heat. Thin Strident Thin Weary Woman.
The clown shows a the tiger skates.

I am
to stand
between the
Two
Worlds.

NYPL

I will spread my arms wide – I will forge a way through these walls. I will break them. I will take my way far out, far away, to some high height, something before – I will find the land; the farms; & lie beyond them. I will walk then boldly, casting off lies, impediments, embraces, & endless talk of this & that; & as I stand an end in view, a cock crows, a door opens, & the balcony under the archway. I will ask what I want in the barred, white feathered, in the obscure sky, with its sudden effulgence of moon. Look then at the bars of the railings; at the houses; at the pillar box, at the purple lamp circles & white faces, at the ~~outlines~~ that ~~more outlines~~ only; but flakes against the sky. Let me break – as the breach with the waves. The crest foam is me. I am the ~~sharp~~ wave that ~~sweeps~~ to the limit of the chalk cliff, that reaches the dry rocks & embraces some lobster pool & dies softly. Shatters wholly.

Sorrow. The moved topples at the summit. It falls over, as one slips from the track & falls down, down. Then comes shame: awkwardness: ridicule. I mount; I ride again; I will not be the slave of these pettiness. I will not But again the dove shews & the tiger leaps.

NYPL

Cut me
like
knives into
pieces
mocking me
stammer,
making me
lie,

Show
them

What they
have done
from
age to age.

They is their
There should be a world immune from change. When I have hasted
through this drawing room, this lighted room. Pickering wrote lovely
words that tear me asunder, which especially ~~after~~ ~~to afflict~~ me
~~that I am~~ which afflict me asunder, ~~I have da, not there~~; the
I ~~have~~ discover, I ~~am~~ find again; ~~that~~ I seem to have known as a
child, ~~but when I read my love letter about~~ in the brook from
~~the~~ bowl; ~~the statues~~, the forms by Harwood
~~that have crowded the path, that have~~ Statues, forms, the
faces red creatures, robed in beauty, faces & names. ~~Here~~
~~I love the~~ There are lovers under the plane tree. A
~~husband~~ policeman. A Cat. A man passing. And
Red & the immediate & particular, red & the clutch, red & the
little snake like tongue that flicken, they seem to have
drawn into them, more in the heart, many all
what they have suffered; & their big joys, & their endurance &
their toil, ~~continued from age to age~~. They assume it
these; in their relief ~~that they~~ & the valleys, under the trees.
But I am not free. ~~to give myself~~ I ~~am forced~~. I am a captive in the
verge of peri; ~~this~~ world swept by the hot breath that pierces
the room every time the door ~~opens~~ & new people, men &
women, how in; ~~breaking my~~ unbearably breaking
my mould, smashing it to splinters. I am only
not yet twenty one. I am ~~about to be~~ not yet
confused enough to make even one sentence. ~~As~~ (that)
I say is intolerably contradicted. I am to be broken. I am to be
divided. I am to be cast up, down, among these men.
women, with their unharmed dresses. Their
tumult over her room, like a wave on a rocky sea.
Like a ~~wind~~ thing ~~for~~ every time the wave ~~rises~~ breaks.
On the other side of the world the swallow dives in
wing in dark hands. How the door opens: the tiger leaps:

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I ~~am a wave that~~ rushes to the limits of the cliffs, I am ~~the~~ foam
foam that flies to the limits of the rock, I fill the hollows
with whiteness. But I am also here, in this poem, a fact, a truth.

The wave broke with a strong regular thud. ~~Then~~ They
They left with the cadence of the feet of ~~a~~ mermaid
horses, horse feet, on turf. They swept the beach
with blue, green, diamond tipped manes. They
They drew in & out with the manifold regularity of
a an engine; & which sweeps its force & vomit &
draws them again. The ~~woman who had~~
sun had risen. ~~And the woman~~ It drove a straight
path, flattery dancer, over the waves, It shaft fell
level on the land; ~~it~~ waves became green —
many shades. The wood darkened; their green
armour tested. Colour that rolled down & the
warm edge became soft as ~~dead~~ leathers
/ in which are plume is ~~irregular~~ greener than the sea.
hills reared ~~Curved back, muscular~~: & the inwardly
fledged with woods.
hills ~~raised~~ to hills, ~~in jewelled & inwardly~~, raised
bound back by things, ~~so their volume restrained &~~
~~yet with their~~ & held in, yet ~~restrain~~ held back
their ~~vehem~~ energy, their ~~pride~~ volume. They
woods breathed proudly on their flanks.

[Take in p. 108]

NYPL

Sept 3rd

"All London" said Bernard. "lies under mist.
Guarded by fire-arms, watched by factories, the city stands
asleep. We look down upon London. Like
all the powers & dominations all the
gods all her ant heaps to her breast. Not some study is
more magestic. Everytime I look at the dawn window I
see it more. Separate upon Hedges with towers
rise from the mist we are bound upon the assault of
dusk. The early morning train to the city is like a
shell aimed at her heart. As we flash thro' Surbiton
Isleworth Brentford fabrics loom into us. Buttons
do not stop. But we are going to Eastcheap
we are going to bore our way right into the heart of the city.
we are combatants legally hunted like a merciless
stream at the flank of some hindering magestic
arrogant laid Leviathan.

The marvel of all sensation? To be
the multitude. I am not a man but Here, all
Clothed together in one big flat, we have no power to
who am I? Nobody. Then is alone a relief, a an
annihilation. The human race are anaesthetic.
to big flat of flesh. captive in bright. aimed at
the maternal heart of London. We can scarcely
breathe. No single note makes avail:
I am aware: that I am numbered in a tolerance.
I w. say My dear sir; why forget? why neglect
that by any system you can differentiate purely?
You are only one portion a calculation. I would
say, Dear Colleague. No I do not say any. I feel
that what we can do very little. We are
tremendously united. We will traverse at
London. We are grandified. Enlarged. made
magnificent some common way by this

The metropolis

We are going to invade the flanks.

NYPL

Sept. 10th

Meanwhile, this is the strangest of sensations, became my great happiness ~~became~~ presumably – being an accepted Engaged – I am nobody. I am only part – one segment – of a long Not-Naked chain of flesh amid at London I am numbered to tolerance ~~to~~ acquiescence. My Dear Sir, I could say, why do you ~~from~~ a ticket? Nothing we can do with avail. You are only one Joint in the caterpillar. Over us all broods the Splendid Unanimity ~~of one decree~~; we are Enlaged & solemnified & hushed into uniform uni-formity as with the quickening of some Enormous Grove ~~& be~~ because we have only one decree: to arrive at Euston.

I do not want the train to stop with a thud. I do not want to be broken off. I do not want to assume the burden of individual life, & to feet & fume, because somebody won't get before me at the lift. By such means, ~~take~~ go fast; have the ticket collector ~~& Catch the~~ & fast, by running, Catch the train. I do not want to fail this ~~train~~ as I want to fail, ~~I want that the train~~ has stopped, that halt & weakly have resumed their journey. hurry & ~~confusion~~ Confusion & the desire to be first through the gate at the lift. I do not want to be broken off from the Calabella: & to assume the burden of individual life. I am I who have been sinned. Monday night, when ~~I~~ the accident me, charged with some ~~with a~~ sense of individual life, who could not see a tooth brush without saying That is mine, ~~a desire~~ ~~is a~~ content, humble; that I may eager above all

Cover –

work from pencil?

(work hard stay harder, strong, put Such On)

NYPL

to undergo my hands, to let fall my movements; ~~to become~~
a watcher, a listener; ~~& rather~~ than & merely
Hand here, in the Enclosed Room, watching the brute beasts, &
Consciously with patient ~~unparalleled the nature of~~
human life. ~~Poets have no duties~~, I who have no
eye to guard; I who am merely watched down, within
myself, with the ~~pure eyes of Understanding~~.
Lord! I cannot ~~brandish~~ ~~curiously~~ ~~or rather~~
with ~~your~~ ~~my~~ simpler fully. ~~that allows me to suffuse~~
become ~~part of that~~ merging merely in
So I cancel the word 'curiously'; because my mind is
Objective: ~~I am~~ One ~~me~~ will ~~knows~~ the train ~~duration~~:
myself merely, unanimity; I am not ~~I mean~~. I
am in ~~some strange way~~ ~~absorbed~~; I am
am capable of ~~being~~ in my direction. ~~I am~~ capable of
Slavery ~~to~~ Carlyle into the stream; a ~~Literary~~
You ~~are~~ ~~in~~ a train - hypothetic. aware of
Certain distinction between people. But are they very
important? ~~Are~~ These ~~doubts~~
my part. I do not am unaware of distinctions.
I am alive only to certain such simple facts -
as of poverty. He is an ~~evil~~ boy. Yes this
general common ~~feeling~~ is. She has a bag.
Personality; our distinctions are not profound or
important. We are active; we are also,
doomed. As we know also Holborn we
attain a Physical mouthy

NYPL

I accept: I flow round, having merely been left on the world, my
little individual self, with its wedding presents & congratulations
& all that. Gratified like a child with the drug,
[illegible] Now I am at liberty to follow that we call
Wander, to roam, to pursue with out any object frame of
thought; to [illegible] merely be carried, effortlessly, & I am
always that — a being on this current flow of life;
follow observing the faces of people coming out of the left.
They think. They stand irresolute; they hesitate in some
more enduring eclipse of purpose. & to take part in
the flow East or West, of to follow strangers. to
keep them round with a to rush into the
pervading current; & which bears along the street,
which, hesitating at the door of the left, suddenly
acquires course, indiscriminately; & so
when the bus stops the feet in the

the groan, the tumult, the scene — how shall I describe it? —
of to sink in, mislead as trying to stand out.
to give myself to this general uproar.
feeling, now, down it pelts, because the boy has
& to stop, having been harbouring an assassin. to
embrace this — One observes hesitation. One
observes the human animal circulating slowly, as it
reaches the street. It determines its course.
what possible end have they in view! I will
watch & the Rate is determined very largely by this
Rate of the stream. A highly intelligent face,
yes [illegible] stream, has his working class
stream, condemns him to a life of struggle.
the hesitates. Now I will walk — Now I will

NYPL

night-imagine that I am but one that I move, become part of the stream, I am hypnotised. My mind,
with the
steps under
our feet
The turbid grey mind rises along like a pale grey stream;
A large woman only prowls a little back- I am
without desire,- I am without objects. I cannot
remember my past. I seem to have no future. Only in moments
of Emergency - at the curb- suddenly a desire to
preserve my body springs at a danger me: I am a
flash I am hostile, self preservative. Then again
indifference descends. In some vain the hum the
traffic- & the regularity of the movement widens
as veins drowsy, myriad lashes, & I think as if night
drops over
where
be the war of waves, a foot flies, I go I
underneath. & Oford Street- becomes ghouls
with ancient marbleism, white marble, white
old past pen, with mechanistic pre-historic eyes; —
as of time (of which) am thereby one moment) had
whipped back as such a two gets real; as if
the Great Masters had been called. Then -
all our bodies are in fact naked. We
are only lightly covered. Thick, pencil thin
pavements are black serpents - forget steps.
Hells & hyaenas — lithe
rubber shoes;
This however the type that my
dreaming, tentative advance, like one who swimming
just beneath the surface of grey stream, is
intimidated, torn, pricked, by tentacles of
pity, curiosity & love. Deep feels at the
light, & then let me sleep. For I would like to
at the
eyes of
faces.
surrender, to go under, to visit the nearness
clothes, one a whole, before) else, to
& given my prerogative — not only to act &
be, but also to explore: & feel even the

NYPL

Inspiration,

vapour of pre-historic vegetation, & these vestiges from
buried worlds. I would like also to be able - before I
marry - to enlist these isolated words; & to be the of
man telling of [illegible]; & the [illegible] Tramp; & the Endless
Inquisitor, & question, & Nothing Answers, & the Whereby
Why, & the Tremendous Contemplative, & Why Man.
Come, let me ——— I am ravaged with curiosity; shall we
Gain & Sympathy? Am I not, today, trembling all
Night, like a Tree in a Park, with some ineffable
& Whatever Sympathy which should become)
feel the Fever & Confusion of Life, bids me
Sympathetic, even with Fear all these Imprisoned
Flocks? These Waves & Troughs? These
Poor little Boys; these Puppies & Sunlit Pots. I mean
We seem but Them - We seem Shadowed
Evanescent. I am aware of the Doom the
Fear. I am aware of the sense that we are
Passing & Futile.

Yet as I am Returned, & hand upon Bottomless Depths, by my Ridiculous, Keen,
Curiously: my Magpie Eye; my Wh- Catch,
a Face, an Attitude, & about them - a Little
Way.

NYPL

of life prolonged.

Yet I cannot deny a sense of lasting, ~~endurance~~ immortality
Even. ~~that~~ but may there children, ~~&~~ ~~that~~ I may cast a
another thing of seed, wider, beyond this generation;
beyond this brief & transient wave of traffic in Afford that
my daughters shall be buying different clothes from these;
& my sons shall be in ~~India~~ Canada planters & their sons
~~after them~~: Hence we are not insignificant, but
rare drops merely, soon dried; or flowers & flowers, we
cover the earth; we make ~~the~~ fadeless ~~our~~ our sweets
sour; we come up ~~again & again~~. differently
Then I then explain my own confidence & well being, even as I stand;
~~that natural Modesty~~, which is not vanity, nor ~~has~~
~~left Conceit, nor~~ for I am entitled gentleman, have no
power in my hand, or ~~brain~~; ~~no~~ I am have no
~~I am of~~ no importance; ~~but yet~~ rare that, yet, rare
that Every thing that my senses bring in, I savour. I am
man of extreme curiosity. I am a natural taster. I am
the richest of any thing I see. I do seldom regret. I
seldom deny. I accept every experience.

Look me up that little book there. A crane
has been keyed here after money - a mendicant crane.
For what purpose, I ask myself was that crane keyed there?
The proprietor of the shop was blessed with an
immensely fat wife. She was hoisted ~~from~~ the
pipe from her barouche landau. A virago stands at the
bathhouse in blue. The mad woman dreams at the
bedroom window. Children shriek & scream like
swallows in mud nests. I ~~delight~~ families;
that Jennie who dodges about in the glances of
boys my celebrity - & would be
those other stories that I make up interminably -

NYPL

illustrations in the margin of my note book. I have
an enormous store of observation now often hours lost.
When the long winter evenings come I hope to work them.
Indeed I am interested in the work of my own hand —
Indeed I suppose my greatest delight is to consider
obscure backwards: in some form observation to
observe myself. Some hint I need such study before me —
to make a whole a story.

Look, somebody
new to whole.
Take a note of
this

But then I need an audience. Who happens to know that
I can talk. That is my deficiency. I cannot order
my letter flaps in a ~~tea~~ restaurant & some day after
day, & myself to the void who some pleasure & attentive maid.
I make my phrase & run it with it some telling
where it will be stopped by dozens of candles. I need the
Eyes of friends. To be myself (a note) I must be
surrounded. Now for authenticity, the ordinary (
of which I suspect down to the ear, Rhoda perhaps,
another) spent most completely alone. On his
round the ear is hacked flesh. He has

I begin then after this somnolence to work to wake,
because of my friends. I work to sparkle in many facets.
I ~~who~~ have been plunging away mammoth & marvellous —
in that timeless territory ~~which~~ of non-identity - ~~that~~
~~where I am nobody but only a tide that flows into~~
~~round Earth's human shores~~ — ~~the~~ whose reefs whose
treats as ~~it draws me & cant on hear sometimes~~ — in
moments of abstraction, moments of happiness, ~~like~~
mine seems to wound on ~~the~~ on the verge of
one ~~seem to~~ hears ~~on the~~ beyond this little circle of bright
light, this drummery of intimate fury. to which I
am drawn back now by curiously, greed ( ) am hungry) &
the unspoken desire to be myself. I think of
Louis; I think of Neville; I think of Susan; Jenny; &

Look, heard

NYPL

they return me from darkness;

Rhoda; ~~all these~~ are because we shall meet to-night. he
shall dine together. ~~the afternoon talent in mood.~~ ~~her~~ ~~should~~
~~dress~~ in honour of Percival who goes to India.
the actual meeting is still far off. Now I feel only the
harbingers, advance guard; ~~then~~ agent-couriers of
emotion: outriders ~~sent to herald the~~ of emotion: what one
~~puts~~ for ~~an~~ friend in advance; — ~~they and thirsts~~
of them ~~are~~ in advance, strange heralds, contrast
Louis, remorseless, monumental; Neville quivering,
Cervoise: Jinny, with ~~her romantic~~ like lamps? eye: Jinny so
hot, so prickly; & Rhoda like the nymph in a
fountain, always wet. There are fantastic textures.
There are pigments. ~~There are~~ ~~but the~~ ~~They~~
I command them (as ~~Virt at this~~ ~~Hood~~ they need
~~recession~~, ~~that they~~ bear up reverses. They are
like Rhoda held to my bosom. I ~~have~~ brush a
bright as I think of them. Look Louis I am one thing, with
Neville another. Strange how the thought of them flushes
bird-like ~~as~~ across ask my mind I taste. How as
I think of them. I love that cloud like rahoon
~~But~~ they ~~recede to~~ drown me up: they to make me
broken upon; they rob. Now there cloud. There rahoon.
I begin to be unfurled & lobelia. I desert there
public place - these unknown, ~~another~~ A
~~indifferent~~ faces:: ~~Jane~~ [Happiness comes stealing
back; & the agent down to communicate. I am]
vague hopes: - sensation: I harrow: I
Ceremonies. A man whom I dislike would now be
welcome ~~Rhoda~~ & dale boy: a
somebody knit down by. Asian - crops. Cricket.
backbacks, pebbles. My appetite for solitude:
Enchanted; & the desire to hand on a phrase. to
ring some body close to me in a circle becomes
a physical necessity. The drumming grey sea
personality becomes two hard to be borne. Here
I desire to unpart my own soliloquy:
my belief that life is nothing
but the ~~mood~~ ~~sun~~

image sent

There visions of ~~people~~ things to ~~people~~ in absence.

The pavements I have done with generalities.

NYPL

a much more definite meaning, under my hands; to be shared, commented upon, pounded & drawn with complete abandonment.

the feet, the cordon,

mixing a salad with my hands.

~~as~~ anybody: I am not particular: ~~who will~~ ~~on Nature~~ a waiter will do: better still the ~~proprietor~~ proprietress of this restaurant: what I want is ~~the hand, the particular~~. The fact: ~~my fact~~. ~~That's~~ the action of ~~the proprietor of the restaurant~~, who tosses the salad: the delightful fact: which atones ~~for the bitter~~ for the bitter pickle the stingy, chary Nature draws - I feel that delicacies produce a corresponding expansion in one's system. What shall I use? an open figure such figure. What shall I use? an open explosion took place; I the somebody. her confession: breath with Name. And Heaven knows what. The entirely unexpected nature of the explosion is the joy of interlocutory. Joined with an Italian waiter: To be create words; which ~~have~~ - And. I desire to communicate my own ontologically sense; my experience my absolutely sense; of pain just arrived. a London. Jermyn; & bygone; whatever my background; & ~~can't~~ & what is to come to Jack, as I handle even affectionately words with this magnificently Leit Gestures gesture wife; I know not: I am flooded with irrepressible merriment: I cannot lift this cup to my lips without a feeling that I am lifting something ~~Specially~~ heavy; heavy to me & particular: & then with complete irrepressible fit of Laughter: who is to say what meaning there is in anything who is to predict the slightest a word where may nothing may not phrase carry - as a balloon ~~stuck~~ stuck over home - I don't talk: I am happier now at this moment, with the prospect of my return friend Eugene than ever before - Ecstasy, fundamentally. but happy. In what happy.

NYPL

torture myself;
to

I have no ~~thought~~ other hope save intoxicating oneself that

Neville

"It is nearly eight"
"~~Eight~~ has struck" said Neville. "I have ~~been here~~
I came early to taste every moment of anticipation;
to see the door open, & to say Is it Percival? No it is
not Percival. ~~He will be late, alone; but~~ this is the
place to which he is coming. He will sit at this table; &
I shall sit ~~opposite~~, ~~but at an angle, so that I can see~~
~~him~~ ~~beside him~~ opposite the glass so that I can see our
faces reflected together. Already the table, & the metal vase ~~glass~~ of
~~flowers~~, with its three red carnations, are about to
undergo an extraordinary transformation illumination. ~~Here,~~
~~waiting,~~ ~~there will be~~ ~~heard~~ ~~round them~~ ~~something~~
~~odd~~, strident incongruous; inhabitants ~~an~~ element. & Susan; &
Louis & Rhoda; & Jinny; ~~&~~ it will be grotesque; it will be
tormented. All are negligible. Percival is myself.
Already the whole room wears that strange wavering
unreal appearance of ~~a~~ a place where one waits, alone,
expecting something to happen. The blankness of the
table ~~of~~ is oppressive; & ~~the~~ its white cloth. The
hostility, the indifference of the other people dining
here is oppressive. ~~They wait; &~~ They look at me;
find I am not the man they want; off they go.
Such look inflicts a lash upon me. Who should
have forgotten. I shall go. examining ~~I cannot~~ Somebody
in the street must ~~even~~ be seeing him now; he must be
passing a certain shop; he must be ~~seen~~ ~~He~~ is
in a particular cab; or walking! At any rate, he
must be approaching this particular place.

NYPL

He must be observing this handsome man that — unless indeed he has forgotten

The door opens: I know that man. That is Louis. He stands ~~in relative yet~~ It is the a strange mixture of assurance & timidity. He looks at himself in the looking glass as he passes, & decides that he is dissatisfied with his own appearance. Yet what does he want to look like? ~~The despair~~ Everybody. He is cynical, supercilious, domineering, difficult ( ) am comparing him with Percival) at the same time formidable. "Here, Louis."

"That is Jinan" said Louis. "He has not dressed. Because the darkness the futility of London. The hesitation for a moment at the swing door, like a creature dazzled by the hesitating lamps. He has the ~~He~~ stealthy yet swift movement (even among tables & chairs) of an animal. He seems to find his way by instinct; in spite of those little tables, disregarding waiters, to ~~He~~ the one unoccupied table in the corner. When he sees us, his face assumes a certainly what is alarming, as if he had what he wanted. ~~He~~ who loved by Jinan would be to be imperilled by a hand's sharp break. Yet there are moments when I could wish to be pierced, nailed down; ~~fixed forever~~ ~~one~~. ~~Look at~~ red of wriggling; a fantastic aberrations. There is Rhoda. She did not see us. We must have stabbed behind somebody. We must have made a fantastic course, taking cover now behind a waiter, now behind some ornamental pillar, Jinan to hunt all as long as horrible the ~~moment~~ shock. ~~became the wants~~ to hoard as long as horrible her dream ~~of what life might be~~; to keep recognition; ~~it~~ we keep her more hotels in her basin.

NYPL

Cruelty

unbrought. We make him. We torture him. And the hate in a
friend's, a fellow-comer coming to our sides, because for all one
there is always some name, some face which finds a radiance
like a lighthouse water, which lights up Hazborough in
& makes it possible for him to refurnish her dreams.
Tonight it may be Percival.
"The door opens. The door goes on opening" said Neville,
& yet the door not come."
"Mercie Jenny" said Susan.
She stands in the door. And nothing seems stayed. The
water stops. The party by dinner by the door stop.
Rhoda she seems to be in the centre; & round her
babble & the [illegible] of the door & ceiling arrange
themselves like a the stars in the centre of a
pin-cushion window: & now, very in, the moves &
ah is: ripple & movement & Louis & Jan
thro' the air, wavery dancy. Louis finds his hand to
his neck he. Neville, who sits watching with
unlovely, pinches nervously straighten the knives &
forks in front of him. And Rhoda
perceives her as if in the hourglass in which her
eyes seem always lying a big bonfire suddenly
burnt. [illegible] & the attack is And Jan
[illegible]: thrilling & fuller: of wet pain & shine: &
yet unable to oppose this derision a the
laughter & something that urges to come about
him; like little fingers, tapping up my shabby
dress: my thick Square leftover fingers. I hide
them under the cloth above.

NYPL

"He has not come" said Neville. "He does not come. But he does not come. There is Bernard. As he pulls off his coat, he throws a glance this way & then, unlike the outsiders, he seems to enter without any sense that he has come in. We are all equally ~~unbecoming, mere, tolerable, agreeable~~ — How he knows us! He — without any perception that we differ, or that our table is his goal — Indeed, he is ~~such~~ ready to leap. He has known that woman in every dress — he has known everybody. ~~Now~~ But now, perceiving us he comes bearing down upon us with such benignity such love of mankind (crowned with some ~~dreary~~ sense of the ~~gods~~ ludicrous ~~pleasure of mankind~~ ~~feeble~~ & pitiable ~~his~~ of 'loving mankind') that — Yet were not for Percival —, one would jut, how the past has begun, now ~~those~~ we have ebbed down to this ~~this~~ delightful, sensible (~~yet~~ one matters no account whatsoever) & human entertainment. Let me see what there is for dinner. ~~Let me~~ Yes. I will take a little thing. (yes) with ~~that~~ that. (I must try to have more energy now & talk, I think,) But without Percival, there is no thing

Shoved pushed thrust a door in. Come in & a vague field of grass.

NYPL

Their words are brittle & detached. They seem merely silhouettes, ~~exaggeratedly~~ ~~painfully Cut Out~~ sharply, disagreeably cut out.

The swing door goes on turning "round Rhoda. "Each ~~person~~ is held for a ~~moment a bone in a door~~ & then Strangers keep coming; ~~Something~~ people ~~we shall never know~~, people we shall never see again; people who ~~stay~~ in ~~us~~ who touch us disagreeably with a ~~sense~~ unfamiliarity, ~~Then~~ indifference. ~~We cannot Even~~ ~~And Neville~~ is ~~detached~~; & we cannot unbind, we cannot forget the ~~Tearing apart~~ ~~Then~~ our surface ourselves. Even I, who have no face, who make no difference to anybody, but ~~shattered~~ & can say & ~~know~~ that ~~Jinny has changed~~ the discontent of living (Jinny changes bodies, Jinny faces) then shattering, unattached, ~~&~~ contributed, incurable ~~of~~ Communication: ~~&~~ ~~fuse~~ of anybody two; ~~in sympathy~~ ~~with the~~ letters, ~~with~~ the mercy of Neville, who ~~if~~ the door Everytime the door opens looks lizedly at the table Cloth; does not dare raise his eyes; then looks: for one second, & says He has not come.

But there he is.

"Now" said Neville. ~~The burden is removed.~~ ~~Now~~ the flowers. ~~Now~~ the leaves, all ~~dead & Dreary~~ ~~me~~ & the air: my heart ~~like~~ ~~beats~~ ~~slowly~~ - ~~the sun comes~~ Here he is. All ~~obstacles~~ is ~~removed~~ - all impediment removed. All ~~vanished~~. the Corner. ~~He Comes~~. ~~now comes~~ & the ~~intolerable~~ chaos is one.

"Here is Percival" said ~~Susan~~ Jinny

"~~How is our hero~~" said Bernard. "~~He~~ ~~who~~ blundering; clumsy; he has not dressed.

NYPL

"Here is Perceval" said Bernard, smoothing his hair not, as ~~he used to do~~, from vanity, but in order to propitiate the ~~Gods~~ of decency. For he is conventional; but a hero of course. The fellow boys always flocked after him across the playing fields. ~~They emulated his method of blowing his nose.~~ They blew them more as he blew his nose, ~~but~~ ~~the never reached them~~ But now when he is about to leave us, to go to India, ~~too~~ all these fusses come together; ~~& Bloom knows~~ As he takes his seat, between Neville & Jinny, ~~the~~ the occasion is crowned. We who gathered like jackals at each others heels now assume the sober & deferential air of human boys, in the presence of their Captain. We who have been uprooted by our youth, we who have sung like Cages birds each his own song, & tapped with the unmoved egoism of the young our marble beak, till the flesh cracked, or been arbitrary ~~trifling~~ with our solitary entrails, hitherto windows, of love, of fame & the other ~~simple~~ references so dear to now – we all pulled ~~feverishly~~ masterly beak; hope to ~~had plucked~~, & regain that solitude; now desire to enter into society; to make our contribution; to sing together; to be one body & here in this restaurant where the ~~waiters~~ waiters are attentive & the ~~revolving~~ revolving door turns its glass cage on its hinge seem to surround us with ~~simple~~ solemn, & detached indifference & the bronzes of other homebirds.

the fowl under the wing.

NYPL

We have come together at last."
"Now we can talk" said Jenny
Now we can smile out your rebuke" said
Louis
Now we can thank; now we can say what is in our
mind" said Neville
On isolation, our preparation is over. The old
fearless days; the revelation a transcience; Those
moments of terror & horror; when the Mr
Carlabee dabbed his lemon colouring sponge &
it became true; & the heavy drops poured down on
us Women — moments of transcience in danger
in fearless, ~~can be shared - Fa~~ we had the
~~same atmosphere; different as we~~ are,
under current bathes & in that another come
where the pelade swam on dusk of green:
when the butterfly poised, & of for for ever,
& the heats & the wind was like a tigers
panting - Can we exaggerate the shock &
the terror! We also sat under a beech
tree, & saw the pelt hands & the clock &
the lower plate below. & the pigeon
clattered high with wooden wings. This was
our origin; our beginning. There were the close
furled buds of stone from which we drew new
Every lineament. "of ourselves"
"And then" said Rhoda "the cab came to the door &
Jenny our new bowler hats lightly over our
foreheads, we ran to hide our tin mail-tears in
Grove High street where we seemed to be for the

a was at the fearless days making love to the Kitchen maid —

NYPL

last time, boys men, work our name haunted in white letters
on our breasts, with our brand new hooked knives, & on
the regulation number of sweaters, jerseys & football
shorts when what our mother had stitched on
inches for some night previously? our hearts were
naturally momentous. a record reverance from the
body of your mother.

under the drawing room lamp.

And there were Mrs Dawson. Miss Lambert & the Rev.
Some body "said Jimmy; monumental ladies,
white marble, stone coloured, enormous, with
amethyst rays moving, like visual light
(all colour was absorbed from the room;) over
pages of French, Geography & arithmetic; There were
maps; forms; & green baize boards: a
And below was "said Jesus" punctually. A
Leering g mass to prayers. A smell of linoleum.
Certain coloured light high windows; Cinder
Ches & yellows; Scantily, drawing in a chair;
Chamber; boiling away in cancer; respiration;
respiration; & some: order; discipline;
the extinction a And from one after another
a certain vein; a field: enchained by the
Connection of this corporate & unreal &
murderous system "

Also "We changed; we became unrecognisable"
Mrs Lomi" Exposed to these clothing lights,
whatever had in us (frame to decay. In
Phrenda so distant - came slowly) under metallic,
robot scratches - as one in a film, washed over
with by chemicals - to the surface. I was

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was the terrible that: Rhoda, Bernard & Jinny other things."

"We were beasts sitting there" said Neville. And Bernard advancing in the central way across breadth of space; apart a brushpaved quarrel buildings. There, in an access of emotion, I took my knife - given me alexandrines, the man in gloucester, the admiral - as fast flashed over the table. Then we without premeditation or direction violently inspected each other by something so powerful that one felt ashamed - hysterics are so fellows.

"I however, losing myself, watching the" said Louis. "I added: love the date from the calendar an envelope, a revelation of the mind of those broken Asia & sea merchants & the city of trade - which lies with its wharves & bridges its Constant traffic with the East & the that Finds the first a Mendes the 13th had dawned when a commercial nation.

At "Then said Rhoda, we - Jinny & Susan & I - were Elsewhere taken Explored, not instantaneous, in Every drew ~~like the hyacinth~~ in long frayed letters, with a few precious stones nearly in one. Stopped here & there, bowed, shook hands took a sandwich from a plate, a cushion a sweet; sat at a table; drove down to Richmond; arrived in time in tea - dined

"But tongues are together" said Bernard.

Or a better remark.

NYPL

"We have come together, drawn by some common emotion.
Shall we call it, conveniently, love? Love for Rebirah?
No: that is too small a particular a name. We cannot
attach the width & volume of our feelings - we who are
so different - to one small name. We have come together
inspired by the desire to be no longer separate -
that's best to capture ~~at~~ something ~~Rachel detected~~
here, in this room, now at this moment, - I wish not my
Endurance - for what endures? - but ~~Rachel~~, see by many
from our narrow experience: Look at those three flowers
in the metal Jar. Look at our eyes & then ~~—~~ they
become like a tavern, ~~away~~ in a wash, ~~seen from~~
Jewel stained. ~~both many~~ sides. "The Carnation" my
~~Carnation~~ is all your carnation; a reversed flower;
a flower ~~that~~ many coloured, ~~all one Half & flower,~~
red purple, & color reversed; - the emblem of
~~of your to~~ which every eye brings its own
Contribution. Rebirah is a flower, seen from seven ends.
"All ~~like~~ is before us" said Neville. "The eldest of us is
May the eyes of youth. not more than twenty ~~four~~ three. Life is to come"
One like one", read Louis "Burned in sand. Every day
~~in a moment~~ digging up. The sand shifts burned.

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We are young, said Neville. "our powers are only now ready to fail; to flower. We are now at the moment of Eclose when our lights, which worked & gleamed while we slept during the abysmal boredom of adolescence, now ~~leave~~ fade unobserved ~~upon fruit, upon flesh~~, upon ~~human faces~~; & ~~their incomparable beauty~~. on the table; on the ~~fruit~~ wine; on ourselves; on ~~these~~ ~~poor~~ reflections ~~which the mirror provides~~; for in the looking glass. The world is displaced. ~~here & now~~." people were displayed; ~~if we could~~ we believe that we ~~can~~ ~~affect~~ ~~it~~; can talk; can love."

"~~This is only one~~ One moment of ~~existence~~ ~~there~~ already," said Louis. But ~~life has been~~ lived a thousand times; I century runs every day - ~~But at least it is true~~ I have lived ~~other lives~~ ~~was other people~~ well. Then at least I blame my own incompetence; ~~I explain this~~ by own vanity. when I came in)

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"We are very different" said Louis. "When I came in
I smoothed my hair in the hope of looking like the rest of
you. But I am different. I have lived ~~I think~~ a thousand
lives already. Every day I embrace some lithe relic of my
past. I ~~have the tone of~~ hear time flapping like flapping
Elephant on the throne. What you see here & now is
only the cinders & ashes of something once splendid.
I was born once as an Arab prince, ~~a Italian nobleman~~;
or a great poet in the days of Elizabeth; or a
Duke at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth. I am
inadmirably vain; immensely self confident; & have an
immeasurable desire for sympathy. I have eaten and
lunch today in order that you may think me
Cadaverous — so much for sympathy. But
while I admire you - Jews & Perceval most,
because they live so fearlessly - I hate you. I thank ~~of~~
you as my torturers. Wise for you that I do these
antics - smoothing my hair, concealing my accent.
I am the little ape ~~with a~~ who chatters, & you are
the cloudy women with their bags of stale bun.
I am also the caged tiger, & you are the Kaffirs
with red hot bars. I am the fiercest & most
powerful person here - And my whole life,
the appearance that it has as yet many ages of
inconsistency, - with be therein vacillations
of hatred & contempt, in terror lest you
should laugh at me; in the effort - to ~~be~~ counterfeit to
appear to you - to make one line of mockery;
~~I am the~~
~~are in combination though~~
Companion of Plato: still, thus ~~is~~ ~~in eating bananas in~~

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~~the city, meat~~ tropical, clear as glass; meeting together floating fruits & women with head seats; the pale stone spire of some church, ~~with~~ belfry, black hats, glasses & fan-like bottles; clocks, cart & chaise making ride. "but you will never succeed here," said Rhoda. "for you will never hate me; ruthlessly. because

[Take in p. 156]

I come here, seeking, I suppose ~~support~~ ~~asking~~ to be able to imitate you; to ~~imitate~~ a ~~light~~ only; something to imitate;

As they look at them here in the glass I say, their heads are real. And I will keep close inside to imitate them. And I will feed my heart fierce - from ~~fierce~~ these women - from men & other women with large families ~~hating~~ new & them as I do, for they deserve me"

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I come here to light ~~my~~ the fire at 'ot Redcross ~~Jane~~, at Jerusa. Because they are men of action. women with children. But they despise me, because I mistake them, & my view of them is false."

"I have very little to explain" said Jerusa. When I came in the room tonight I noticed & peered about like an ~~old~~ aged woman at ~~eyes near the ground~~. The smell of carpets, furniture & stone delights me. I like to be ~~in a field alone~~. walk thro' fields alone - I like to stop sometimes by a gate. I watch my self now in a circle. I like to be with people "~~like myself~~, who ~~sits~~ ~~Visit~~ ~~sits~~ ~~the fens~~, who ~~sorts~~ - who sit silent; the only voyage I understand are those of love, rage, hate, & pain. I ~~can~~ feel ~~nowadays~~ by Nature, ~~was~~ because Jimmy when ~~the flame~~ by the flame in ~~made me~~ forced me to put my hands under the table. to hide them. She' take . . .

the people at allotment & make the smoke rise.

new Age is to come.' said Rhoda. It may be the worst

Now the Cows

(The cows of some ~~flowing~~, Something flung at. Unbroken Unmarked Animal. gentle. Ever they look gentle. flung. The hardness of inhuman objects in love. ~~love~~ Our knees are splendid. Her hair Some price seems to be exacted. yet we are walked down. what ends us. I am

the colours were flames the print a flow everywhere

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Breaking on the rocks from a short distance:
Row - low low. But how lonely a picture: for
Bernard was thinking of death. There is the boat of
steam. The night is thickly woven, dark & dark,
with rain & wind:

Rhoda in low. Memory only a general vision.
Nor remember them yours. Nor like the light that
fell on the parcel at Scarborough from a
name framed in a bay.

O.

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(The flames are red & yellow)

"Look, Helen" said Rhoda. "Look moment by moment the light comes; colour falls; as if the a bloom, a ripeness is lie on are in the air; it warmth fills everywhere; warmth rises; & the the eyes over eyes most everywhere are 'gone gently, as if pushing through curtains, which are curtains of & curtains of colour, veils fine as over the table, & the walls, & the plush seats, are met everywhere by veils: which like curtains: Everything burnished is stacked; piled & woven: our glasses the as if the thin air were jewels quivering but jewelly enfolding them in colour: One thing melts in another."

Curtains of Colour

"Listen" said Louis: "the roar of London is drowning round us. Wheels wheel. The traffic hums, as it were this is a great whirl humming; & within it lesser wheels. And then there is the hush, - declivities close packed, incessantly revolving; This dense as a multitude a a then a vast hoop. At that voluntary cry, Then there seem to slip away, & a ship makes for the sea.

The circle - presence of night - of us all.

"

"Our senses" senses blend" said Jinny. We Can senses we had not imagined, that had lain dark & hidden as if some fire had kindled & become fluid: now fill themselves, as they & float. apprehend, feel, float into the warm ripe air, & they drink in this warmth this ripeness, so that we stretch out & unwind us with fibres, that float & branch, & become

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heavy & red wounds & colours to our ~~wearied~~ eyes, to our
sore Lodin."

" The Tower of London "

"Percival is going" said Neville. We are surrounded here, as we
are, with dragons with colours; where one stays — for
instance all these Labelcloths, run into each other; but
there is India out there;

"A long time there" said Bernard: an air, as
extraordinary remarkable Leptadenia in the clear
a morpho ran from a mad wasp; butterflies
pulling carts with which rich in the veld, which
Indians steal Chester wood, voluptuary. The
Time runs under. Amberini
Over ah, broods a tone of the valley of
Rama:
Delenda , as the Percival rides down the
Road, on a neat Rhodesian mare, in a red helmet:
accepts the just tribute of the multitude, to
whom he appears, justly regally, as a God.
" There is a tiger in India, said Rhoda,

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"He is God" said Rhoda "he can't feel, ~~suppose~~, imagine perhaps: or acquainted with some secret; or ~~as~~ even merely thirsty: ~~Percival~~ or a hungry & needy; ~~he~~ in love with Jinny: who will not marry him; has it does not matter. what matters is that he ~~has no~~, by the way he takes mustard, look, how he sips, money to mustard, some power, but what power? — to illumine. to liberate. ~~to release that power sold into~~ ~~the Canaanite; to make even the fortune tale true~~, we ask him towards him: no we do not even do that; but sit here gradually weighting ourselves with food food, ~~Pledging our veins with wine~~, feeling comfort steal over us, our thin blood turned to gold; feeling in our toes a great desire to the future flood flood at our two our low misery. Confidence in some trance & well being. in some gathering ~~in~~ prosperity: ~~while~~ & the outermost parts the earth Judea, ~~Syria~~ Wales, Italy; remote provinces are fetched up out of darkness: & we think of those tortured men, & maimed women, & the twisted jungle & the vulture feeding on some bloated corpse with a new intensity; & tenderness; as if, since Percival is among us, the word as parts a vaster encompass scope, your province as human being: ~~Hei~~

"~~He was Percival Hen, who loved~~, said Louis; "Percival then" said Louis, who makes us feel aware that ~~those~~ explanation — apparently deliberate — attempts to be truthful about ourselves to ourselves are cramped, crabbed. Something has been left out. We have tried to accentuate our

I sold us our blood,

& our hearts;

Why

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clatterance. From vanity we have laid them upon our faults,
what is [illegible] to [illegible] particular to us. But there is
something underneath; that which ever world made,
something
whereof
by him:
made of innumerable little wheels.
("The [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]," said Jessan.) "That is what rushes
round & round & round, in a furious coal black
torrent, so that we are dizzy if we look down into it
Everything is whirled, smashed, round, flashed about.
It encourages makes us ashamed to look down, to
say whatever we see; we turn giddy:
& or hate" said Jenny "such an Jessan fish for me; because
I know Louisiana; because, especially on Jam, —
husband I made her think when I came in "my
hands are red"
"A red-colour idea strikes me" said Bernard "(I am
afraid) (I know how) (with intensity) the word we hear and
in the street is the word of innumerable voices
moving over innumerable chairs. I see
myself standing at the window shaving. And I
ask "what force moves my hand?" Love? For my
hand goes on moving every morning of my life,
without my being responsible. Love is that shaving
(I see) am afraid of intensity) Love is
innumerable voices weaving over innumerable
Chairs."
"Afraid, afraid, afraid" said Neville.
And [illegible] shaving of chairs there is a
& howl & a curse: also a wound of
hammers:

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"yet the warning waves" said Neville, "~~the violence of that roaring~~
~~water~~ upon which we build our crazy wheat farms, ~~also~~ ~~fore~~ is
these are more stable ~~than~~ than anything what, huge
the ~~yelping~~ yelping, cat, wild, weak, unimportant cries that we
utter when, trying to ~~explain~~ speak "I am this - I am that"
we are, upon the rage. ~~the world was~~ ~~How worthless our~~
~~language~~ are! But my love, my Percival,
~~this~~ which which lurks beneath The delicious
taste of the roast duck, ~~not~~ fitly filled with vegetables,
clothed in this pungent sauce, ~~falling~~ falling one by one,
like bricks as on a wall
work ~~their~~ subtle & narcotic taste & scent, down
my throat, ~~on~~ have ~~established~~ now established
my body. I feel gravity, a ~~gravity~~, a command. ~~&~~
~~the~~ instinctively ~~my nerves~~ now anticipate ~~were the~~
sweetness, ~~some~~ of ~~cake or~~ ~~sugar~~ something ~~regard~~ regard
Gravesend; & Cool wine falling glove like ~~over~~
to the my nerves & caressing them with ~~strange~~, remote,
& the halali
& ~~clothing~~ clothing like the ~~very~~ cold chill but solemn air which
~~like some green light~~, ~~like some~~ a large ~~fall~~ fall
the ~~dent~~ of ~~the heat of the sun~~ ~~warm~~ vineyard; ~~the~~ & the
warm vineyard; ~~where~~ where ~~shade~~ shade, ~~with~~ with grapes.
Now I can look into the love which lies down, down,
far ~~but~~ beneath. But Let Rhoda ~~who~~ weep:
~~the~~ where ~~back~~ face) see reflected in the looking
Glass of spirit, Rhoda who ~~was~~ ~~rocked the~~ ~~grapes~~
~~to & fro, reading her Hope, & Hurled them~~ ?
~~interrupted~~ jealous interrupted always, ~~wandering~~ for a
my pocket knife when ~~the~~ ~~was~~ rocking in the
in a brown bag;- I want her to break, above

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about love, & first; let her say ~~how~~ what she likes; let her
strange perfidy, her ~~terror~~ ~~us~~ making a ~~great~~
reason love is not a wholesome to her; ~~there is not~~ their
her ~~eyes~~ are not giddy when the looks down - the looks
over our heads far away."

"Beyond you ask" read Rhoda. "~~you are only just to see~~
names; ~~Nature standing against a background~~.
& 'love' is a ~~stone image, a statue~~, to a landscape:
to hills, many backed, deep, ~~clear~~ meeting in a
ring of grass, an enclosure. Between ~~them~~
the ~~folded~~ ~~fog~~ folds of the hills one must see, ~~in~~
~~a blue star to~~ light, a beach, & hear the sound of
waves falling ~~on a~~ ~~beach~~ ~~each~~ ~~behind it~~; &
the light being blue, ~~star~~ ~~watery~~ ~~rose~~ lights. Here in this
cave. The level of that fern frond, there are ~~birds~~,
~~dark beaks~~ ~~birds~~, & a tree or two, ~~net~~ work
white flowers. Accustom your eyes to that
clear ~~water~~ that quenched light: ~~set~~ ~~and~~ to
then behold, ~~how~~, in that dark ~~patch~~, against the
dark black of laurel leaves, a white shape ~~like~~
a statue, ~~because~~. No: it lives. It has
landed ~~on the beach~~; ~~it boat~~ has been
~~from a boat, which has now sunk~~ on the
~~down~~. & the boat has drifted away. It has moved
the hill, & come here. [What it is to be
when moved the hill; when come here to be
beyond our reach. [We look speechless, at first
feeling nothing, we shake by degrees begin to feel
that we have attained our object.] This is not
Percival; this is not Susan, nor Jinny, nor Louis

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It makes no gesture of familiarity. it never beckons, it seems not to see us. Look how, when the arm rests upon the knee, it seems to be a sturdy; one again is upright like a column; ~~standing, seems to be~~ then to fall, like a fountain falling. I ~~can~~ hear hear ~~sounds~~, & the high ~~strains~~ & the unregulated wild voices of the wind, the remembered roar of the sea. & the boat by which I came has drifted away: this beyond our reach.

The boughs low upon the lawn

~~But that is over~~ What is the light which I what do I desire my thoughts to represent them: to fill up the blue adept, ~~infinity~~ upon which our lives have risen beauty. (how) so, temporary, accompanied by peace. & am almost glad of it,- to close my book in it which for: but it does not become a thing of eyes & fancifully. this And after I

& feel I am almost glad of it

~~But~~ And only for a second do) all the sky, all room pearly between – for I can only Hark the voices echo Choked, tormented by your cowardly, by Empty clearly cylinder a ~~vase~~ to by some Crimson-blown, Chink like ~~through~~ the pressure of shoulder. to ~~finish~~ voices beyond this: It might be of a living man against a rocky

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Far away over your heads, against black leaves & white
branches of flowers in a pale star seven light, with the sea
breathing in the background, there is the figure;
There is the column, the triangle, the snake. There is the
fearful ~~Sphinx~~ Shape which, wherever she
passes ? the wandering ~~by the railings~~ ashpits hovers.
And her shoes? " said Neville.
~~And the bedclothes moved~~ ? " ~~said Jinny.~~
Oh you have left out everything. There is her voice
behind the door. And catching sight of them when he
does not see me? And ~~that~~ that must be her last
on the stairs. And ~~still~~ he does not come. We set this
you have left out everything. The one watch; he
does not come. It gets late & late. He has
forgotten. He is with some one else. He is - endless!
Oh then the agony - the unbearable despair: And
then there he is - - in the room! beside me!
Oh you have left out everything! "
"And he comes, ~~with~~ ~~lately~~, ~~drift~~ ~~I~~ said Jinny "In
comes drawn, as by a current; our hands touch; our
bodies break into fire: Night which we see the wood;
the ~~sea~~ sea cube. The casket, the dog all
hushed: nothing remains under: all forever, all
times clear."
"They have become nocturnal: ~~Hoopoes become~~ said Louis
rather: their ~~fate~~ eyes are like moths whose
wings move so slowly that one cannot see
them move at all.) ~~said~~

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"The ~~neighbors~~ near new jersey" said Neville "~~all the leaves are~~ The leaves were all out on the chestnut trees at Richmond. The boats ~~were~~ creaking & groaning were thoroughfares. I saw the Why make these unfounded journeys? ~~Why look~~ to unfounded beautiful places- flowers Nature? Theatres? I want the actual person. I want what is there. The cabs. These places vanish. We have only two senses left us.

At the house at the station" said Rhoda. Seen & heard; & the leaves to colour, like parcels. Green, green: & the slap back on the theatre: like this

The light Now curiously too near. Journeys & naked men.

"There is a savagery in their dressing. Something unbroken & definite: We shall be shot dead. Our reality exhibited.

And There is also death. I do not know why. Perhaps In all a sense of the passing of time. We want to go beyond the hide. Tear back The avalanche Now there: The process never- Look, with the flowers, this room shelf blue rushes, & how they pass: how they turn, & look at us

We are rich today" said Jinny. We have days that time opens us. Now, the fruit is ripe, the leaf, the wave is golden, now we can wait

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changes. down-falling flowers, decay.

I see them pass. And while they pass, ~~I am aware of~~ I am aware of changes, decay. Some purple flame blows downward. Death is woven in with the violets.")

"We are still young" said Jenny. "We are not yet twenty five. ~~Look~~ How powerfully we sit here, ~~in~~ in the circle of the warm; emerged from ~~all those~~ the abysmal darkness in tentative ways, ~~these~~ the dawning light & sudden random sounds; ~~coolly~~ & strangely looking in front of us; ready for what may come; expectant. Our hands ~~lie~~ holding

our knees & forks:

lie all in firm, real, unshadowy light or illusion ~~Blood~~ Beauty rides on our brow. & definiteness, & ~~this~~; our flesh is cool & hard. ~~Isn't our~~ ~~Jenny is ready for the field. I am for drawing room.~~ Our differences are clear cut as the shadows on rocks in pale sun light: Bernice is lie crisp folds; & the table cloth is white; & the ring on my hand & Jenny hand seem especially alert, nervous, ready to grasp the very different things ~~and~~ infinite days are before us to come: & we can bend them freely; now the fruit is swollen beneath the leaf, & the worm is golden because of love. ~~Night~~ We can listen down streets, or watch the words turn corners & fade in:: the world is humming, as we are here only but here. ~~Jenny~~ asking ~~who is coming~~ in — what will next week, tomorrow, no this very instant be? ~~Whatever comes is right~~: " Who is coming!! Whatever comes is right."

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Life work never recover from
that dirt that has been made with

"How strange" said Jinny -

Now it was: Now with Susan & Eve.

Said Louis:

"~~Late~~ One ~~walked hang into the~~ I have walked, said Bernard hang into the hollow box. I am engaged. It
"The heel of the hour." said Jinny, "the little moments of
sugar, the dots on the edge of plate, the baby
Crumbled rolls, suddenly become clear. I see
everything lit up, as if ~~from~~ from a passing lamp, in a
long night. This passed: this strange: this a
tremendous experience - Bernard is engaged. Something
extraordinary has happened - A chain has been laid on
the race of life. We will never flow free again."
~~What only for one sudden~~ moment. The shock is as
for one moment, when Bernard said, "I have walked
hang into the hollow box - I am engaged" - a
frost fell, & held life bright, static & ~~as~~ common -
like a thing caught & savaged in a trap - What now
Lulu, look, ~~be low~~ we are related: that drama &
immortality that sudden intensity & loneliness
when we were all lifted in our relationship,
is over; & something hot & unbelievable never found
& cannot on on. We are going to the
next thing to happen. We have set sail. The
course of adventure stills us - we do not
know what is coming next. Something is released.
The stream, down down, ~~as~~ over, & we
can no longer climb to our heights; we are
in it: we are carried forward. Listen.
Rhoda (for we are ~~conspirators~~ connected) Listen that is

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Perhaps he was angry with what she said
& ask him was he was thinking. but my love?

Whatever the cause such gatherings as these were thinking.
They do not even trouble to finish their sentences, they wandered
each deeply absorbed. [take in p ——]

And walking down the first street, and Bernard, I said to myself,
I will walk with me.
I now I am done with these private emotions. I do not
How delightfully new the other people have taken upon
themselves the burden your identity! Just
I am speculating: there is very little real enjoyment
at that table. Neither the honours he has done her in
asking her to dine ~~that evening~~ rather than any
pleasure. She is aware also: a young man is up
~~being treated~~ from the country is being treated
Her face regains renewing. What pleasure
Can the hair when there is expression be more?
There are few things more dismal than the look of
vanity that is not enjoying itself. Yet
a We ought to be enjoying ourselves a better are not.
There glowing lustrous almost two melancholy.
My eye return again & again to a pair of middle class
women in black tones. Why are they here!
What is their relationships? Impossible!
Impossible hazzles. ~~Everything else.~~
Ceremonies. One will like to avoid ceremonies.
None of my thoughts have anything ordinarily to do
with my private life. A boundless curiosity
Takes me a kind splendour — God. I know
Everything — God. Give me Everything Give —
The load of human misery God. he cried?. Everybody

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I seem to be the uncle of the human race.
But these thoughts are frail & foolish. I only drive them
from me;

"A Bath has won" said Bernard, "the exhibition is over.
Now won the ~~[illegible]~~ moment of identity
of fierce delight & exultation in our own happiness,
is spotted; & there upon the wide ~~[illegible]~~ world are a
wide margin of indifference, of curiosity - why are
are those two middleaged women dining alone together?
The youth, on the corner, is up from the country. His
busy blood is drunk by a friend & the family. This
unease, & rather rubicund features, his glances
turbulence, his stare, his awkwardness, prove that he
is undergoing one of those experiences which are
painful but bound in retrospect. As for happiness,
that poor woman, has had to hoard it no more
than three times already; that for all her delightful
air of rapture, her exclamations, her curiosity,
The state of complexion never hits her. They are
talking about ~~[illegible]~~ Ah but my nose! she thinks -
whatever they are really may be talking about you;
or the war, or the unhappiness of her
dearest friend. Ah but my nose she thinks.
There remains however the problem of the reluctant man:
two ~~[illegible]~~ dragons; we account for the
two elderly women, who are dining alone.
I could ~~[illegible]~~ make up a story;
I could ask you to imagine a little house in
Earls Court, with two green gladiators on the
mantelpiece. But there are moments,

the nurse is
absorbed
more -
more
happiness:

the nervous
way in wh.
fr. time to
time he puts
his hand
to the back
of his head

Headed with
Eaa
Cantos.

NYPL

But are there stories? I sometimes doubt it.
What is my story. Has Rhoda, or Neville?
How foolish we should think the most inspired novelist
who tried to make a story of us. How we
escape definition – how we ~~are~~ surpass his
rarest subtlest skill he id. make us seem; how
in the width & volume you live; how arbitrary
his ordering, convention and design – Yet such is
the human instinct that ~~we~~ which shuns not how
I have entered at last two dozen notes in my
note book: This is a large volume now.
for a book which is absolutely false. ~~It~~ is
going to say that the great moments of life was this:
~~when Bartley~~ Bartley the curtain from our waistcoats, as
~~we~~ are ~~we~~ we are. ~~to~~ arrange to hang the bells? do think –
seemed, Neville –
Bernard with hay. No:
Louis. now stand up:
"Watch" says Percival.
The watch bags the bell discreetly wiped.
The ladies ~~tidy~~ pick up gloves, handbags. The
members of money has vouchers divided.
The waiter goes away.
There is no story: ~~there are~~ said Jinny: There are
to be ~~not felt too violently~~. There are only shocks &
pain: You are engaged; Percival is going: my hands are
red."
"The Star
The circle has closed again" said
Louis.

Can a story
is now this:
"

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Here he would be forced to beg "Percival the handsome young man, ~~who had manifested an attitude of~~ whose reserve contrasted so ~~strangely~~ & clothed & tie, with the loquacity of the other, ~~had~~ brushed the crumbs from his waistcoat, & ~~with~~ with a ~~decision~~ sensitive that ~~had such an air~~, ~~made a sign to the waiter. The~~ ~~fashion~~ was characteristic- ~~The~~ ~~Cleverly one of them who~~ ~~gave~~, made a sign to the waiter who came instantly, & returned ~~in a~~ a minute ~~late~~ with the bill discreetly folded over the rather formidable total."

Now Louis, go on with the story."

"Now on a moment" said Louis, "we are about to part, the circle, the common feeling; broken ~~Parted~~ ~~about~~ again & again, seems ~~I know not~~ ~~to stay, to~~ to exist; ~~to close. That~~ ~~cease~~ to ~~exist~~ us. ~~Oh stay, oh~~ let us ~~somehow prolong~~ this ~~somehow~~ ~~delight~~ this moment; ~~make it complete: absolute this;~~ ~~let~~ make this enduring; let us keep this forever We are about to part. there is something in store; here is something lasting; do not let us cut to fragments by the closing door; open more; open just on an inch- a crack- & bind our Cabs ~~swift~~ pass with ~~diamond~~ ~~eyes~~ Oh ~~wound~~ eyes, of new, at this moment do not move: do not let the swing door ~~this~~ this like a ~~sight~~ sythe, to fragments. ~~For a moment~~ Something ~~instant~~ complete as a bubble formed at the end of a pipe rises & floats; stays; blows then here suspended"

"It is beautiful" said Jinny.

"This Round, hard, substantial

which had
crowned
illegibly
up words,
yet the few
fragments he
had made
more all
much to
the point.

& so often,
so
miserably
by you are able to
Perhaps stay:
to create.

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said Jean "a very beautiful. ~~Our~~ love for Perceval is made of him. ~~His~~ made of his strength: of his youth: of his beauty: his made of something so deep in us that we shall never feel strongly enough to let it come out again. ~~Because when he is not there, to combat it.~~ "There is the other side of the world in it" said Jean "India: & unknown mountains; And the forest of Arden and are in it" said Jean: the cascades & glades. & the moonlight falling upon some high bank: the where the Eagle soars: & "All happiness is in it" said Neneke. "A table, a chair: a book with a paper knife, & the petrol lamp from the ~~flower~~ fire. & the light ~~dancing~~ upon the walls, which we sit, silent inhales, or ~~the~~ talking — it does not matter.

Every day is there. The farm horses "Yes," said Jean: are led down to the brook. The rooks are back. Jack & Jill & holidays are dug. The church bells ~~Good~~ ~~Jack~~, Never was, so it will be. ~~As Jack~~, life, ~~can~~ ~~do no wrong~~ ~~Let us only~~ then life can do no ~~wrong~~. ~~It~~ ~~one has only to let~~ merely take there is nothing to fear."

"~~For~~ ~~And~~ ~~we are up~~" said Bernard. "
~~you~~ Hobe is not" said Bernard. "Yes, that is the last drop. The brightest. That we put Jack. like some infernal ~~jewel~~ diver into this jewellers & Yielded moment, which we have created, Thanks to Perceval. ~~Hope that~~ What is ~~Everything~~ to come? I ask, brushing the crumbs from my waistcoat. ~~We have been able to~~ We ~~have published~~ are sure of this: we can ~~make~~ cast upon ~~our hearts, one~~ add to the treasure

to make that symbol, act of one man. + this moment again, telling's hearing & calling of strange animals

& maybe about. Perhaps he wonders

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home. We are not mean slaves bound to creep miserably on
back. Unrecorded how we are creation. We can
make something that will join the innumerable
Congregation of moments; that [We are awake upstairs,
in the sun. We are not in boredom, but alive]
that make the host, — Rutherscare & Wyhurden-
lie behind us. Tomorrow's land. We two, arising
put our hats on, strode forth into a world which
we have proved, can be made splendid,
not into night, not into chaos, but into
something which remains to be discovered, which
demands to be created.

Look, Percival, while they go to fetch a taxi,
at the world before you. The street is red
& drenched by innumerable wheels. The yellow
Canopy of your Pemendown energy hangs over us
Above the sky is clear — dark, & the stars
There are strange clouds" said Rhoda; "taking their
way indifferently — ~~now over Germany, over~~
~~France~~"
~~All~~ The ages ages of life is now when he" said Louis:
Indifferent. ~~pushing indifference. And the Pemendown.~~
They have begun to ~~walk~~ run. Percival ~~waves~~ his hand.
goes. What can we do to bridge distance? What can
do to span the fire so that it blazes for Ever!
How can we respond to all time to come that
we that stand here now heard Percival? How
Can we give to other the intensity of our
love! How can we keep ~~what is~~
preserve the mist from decay? And What
gone. Then over ..

NYPL

Oct. 6th
1930.

The waves broke & spread their blue waters quivering
over the shore. One after another with incessant energy
they massed themselves, & broke. The blue was
dyed through them. Their They were flushed in colour. The
where they met the sky, there was no division.
The sun had risen, & stood in the middle of the sky;
the first clear sunlight, the morning tore the
land with jewels. The ~~fog~~ unequal light,
had vanished. All vapours were absorbed.
The dampness, moisture had gone from the air. Now
in this bare dry light only a a light dust,
strong cigarette, or the woman crouched in her
green mackin had looked ugly, had been
burnt up in sunbeam, impersonality, was now
clothed entirely in a cold light-green, &
jelly blue light poured into the sea; &
the refuse of the waves rimed like the
muscles on the backs of horses; They flashed
& fell; & ~~the~~ bowed backward; then with
a jerk curling back the energy of their spray.

The fields were lush with grass; the
dragon flies hung over the yellow flags. Cows
pushed slowly through the long grass, ~~and~~
slowly ~~waving~~ tails, flanks with their
tails now & then. The iron spiked
ways lazily. Horses & their
cinnamon limbs in the meadows, rolling in
the dew. The birds were enormously
busy. Now Gay ~~The babble & chuckle~~, the
The clear tones, the violet swallows were over.

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Bubbling & chuckling they carried litter bits of straw to make a dark knot in the higher branches of the Elm trees. they hopped from bough to bough. They sang, serenely; & flew high round, wary round & descending, wary & defendy. Now again they sat peacefully while others with light eyes & wings cutting the air with [illegible] eyelashes but when the dark; wiped some dug, a worm, or two came back into the wings ere they stuck between their bills. a sound of whose & growth was to be heard even among the flowers; as if they their effort, in busily & busily absorbed them, - as if the [illegible] was an over full of the breath of leaves; & the fullness of petals; & the bees, ~~no drones~~ when they were open, went indefatigably from the red to the yellow. from the white to the blue. Light lay more & more softly & brightly when their broad dusk, when their Regally furred stalks. when the litter

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the sun struck fully on the house. Here came the ~~coats to the door~~
with ~~tea~~ ~~tea~~ the ~~blue~~ windows were ~~open~~ all open; the
panes were ~~mountains~~ thickly woven with green
branches, & spotted with blue; ~~so that~~
sharp edged, the light lay upon the window sill; &
showed under the room shaken & calm. & their
rugs. their handles; without shadow. & the bulging
vases of ~~a~~ glass ~~jug~~; & the ~~intricacy~~ ~~complexity~~ of the
pattern on the rug; & the ~~formidable~~ ~~angles~~ lines of the
book case, of the curtains, of the chairs. ~~More too~~
all crowded. yet orderly, all separate. yet making
together an ~~open~~ assembly. ~~with~~ & felt homely in
the central darkness, where from the man reclined ~~in~~ ~~from~~ a
some where all their man seemed ~~to~~ ~~from~~ whom a
shadow, something wonder, where perhaps ~~book~~
might be a further shape; ~~to~~ be ~~this~~ revealed, ~~a~~
~~be~~ disencumbered.

to indicate to hint to a dumb butler

Meanwhile the waves hounded, ~~the~~ ~~chained~~
with ~~their~~ ~~waits~~ & ~~loved~~ their ~~spray~~ breath; &
raced ~~swiftly~~ into ~~the~~ over the Salem ~~at~~ boat,
through the grasses, & over the sea holly.

NYPL

23rd Oct. 1930

"She is gone; he is dead:" said Neville: he is dead; he is gone"
There were a multitude: in her house Jeh: his house
trembled: he felt. They carried him indoors: he died.
I felt then: I am dead; When this can be, after When is
remember: When is allowed: I may can get up with me two
by means of a multitude: in hosts: The wheels of the
tenderly waved forward. Clasp me to catches me a his
back grey head. My consent to live in a word
where there is horrible we do violence to another.
in a word of courage: balm: a mistake to go to pantin:
& snatches bank. And a woman gone shotty. And
Between the market & the salt cellar her the telegram;
Between the market & the salt cellar her the
he race come: a her hose thunder: he felt. They
He said did not thank again. It the tree: trees. His
thanks. The coaches. The racy lines of the racky were
deathers. A rat rose went on in her car: & then he did
And then he died: into that warm chair you take me
Mr takes You have a mine: all heads: all
two: my
that went freely a comfortably: why cowley lane:
There were an inn where we sat: he watched the
trembles from my hand & drank it: in gin up.
past the window where I am having my breakfast: a
There were no hot in the middle The road:
Our Nobody: unendurable. The Be that sages
The: we down it we cannot be are conversations: on
Dr fancies Jesh
Jeweler reach: a knocks me down: ah of me The word drops word it
I gave him: love: a admiralty: for when he did not
come I perished: when he came I saw both
when he comes: I said: the 'Then is our vindication.
I said saw the. The lights She would do up: I
ah: drank a man talked comfortably in he pence:

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And now the darkness, now nothingness, had taken all those
Everything: & natural things: having they were thus done under
fullness of darkness, where to begin: down vast corridors, in
like fields of black darkness where eye for ever more
for him: over fathoms, on that: on & on: for ever:
on & on. His hair thinned over a red skin:
And his laughter in his book: his old fatty red: his
Cap: his nervous manner was habit: his tie tied a
bow ever thing. Suddenly standing at the window he found
all the people in the house gone. Covered with darkness he
then came & threw the curtains about. Why a
Red skin - why a mark a cancer - how can there
Ever be all that. And whatever to come — how
he would have ridden; always & lifted the bedcloth cast
at the rat; & then, presidy over Cowards, in
a way; with his sword on a chair: That such a life would
have satisfied him I doubt. He would have come home
He would have taken some intolerable view. He would have
refused to enter some room: Have fun: been displaced:
started the — as But a red skin: some thing
pushed him him: & they carried him, heavily, heavily to the
pavilion.

Oh when is allowed, take me, how, & break the
white pagent - & broken confusion — all the — as
broken my van & the letter rat: my
van like: my dream: my arden: my integer:
my work. That used & left the work unfin-
ished - ah yes - left the wire cam.)
Tired with much stairs & run up & easily
such movements: plays — ? very
why not stand at the tower bow? &
go & see the — picture this misery. The
deluded funchions! — Look at my team-
how they run: like wonder but a boon
coach: wonderly fond days
dear one:

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as I may have ~~what I've~~ seen, were lived ~~what I've~~ smelled:
I weep: I weep. I clutch my head: to his bosom: it.

"His horse fell" said Neville. "Percival is dead. His
horse fell, & he died. The rails & the world have
Have killed me Caught me ~~in the back of his head.~~ He I am dead.
Ask my heart is cut from me: ~~& wheels away.~~
all sun, all happiness: the lights & the world have gone out.
A moment ago, this had not happened. ~~I came into~~
~~the room~~: Now I hold this telegram. I hold this
telegram ~~which obliterates the sun~~. Oh to tell this
unreal, this impossible Chain — this little paper.
Women go past the window as if there were no
cliff in the middle of the road. ~~& Get all~~
Percival is dead. And the
and to let light flood back again! ~~But~~ He was
thrown/ & in a rage died ~~without knowing~~ unconscious.
~~Now I see a tower, the waving lines of white~~
His horse stumbled, & he fell & died. There was
a roar in his ears: ~~a~~ a drumming: it ceased.
And barns & summer days & the river — That sun
~~Where we sat,~~ are I am alone for ever.
~~this~~ cut off; ~~this~~ torn away:
They must have carried him to some pavilion.
~~There were only strangers there~~. He died with
strangers ~~there~~ — men in riding boots. Yes, &
loneliness & silence often surrounded him: ~~that~~
~~Yes, & he loved & he was rash: he~~ He was
also very rash. He flung one aside.
When he came in, all was safe. And women go
past the window. as if there was no
cliff in the middle of the road. We

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deserve to be tithed up by mockchilla ~~a thief everything~~
for ~~some~~. As often is allowed, why ~~[illegible]~~
should one consent? why should one submit? what is
left me; ~~He~~ She wheel away from me — my self, ~~my~~ a
days, ~~a moments~~ of such happiness, alone, or when he
came in, or moments of meeting; & all was so
loose; so casual; for one did moments of happiness
like sharks or burnt paper — why not break up my
How frail how fateful, now — how aimless, how
senseless, to throw a little web over this chasm — &
Eat & talk. ~~All that best is heresiarch.~~
Nobody after this will know me. the shouted
from the window. ~~He understood something.~~ He
was to be seen shouldering his way down the crowd
~~sunny~~ Bond ~~Street~~ on a windy day. He gave me a
look once; I have three letters, ~~all about~~
written on board ships. "~~How~~ I am about to
play pirates with a widow ~~from Yorkshire~~."
~~And then, I believe he forgot something~~ Had there been
any one there to notice ~~his stumble~~, a strap — a stirrup —
all this would have been prevented; a letter in
Court he would have done justice: ~~or hiding~~, &
Sudden: a shot; & come home again, & made some
violent protest against tyranny. And been
Dismissed: no: Banished; ~~been the traveller~~
& ~~not returned in triumph~~: & worn a star: or
Gone clanking through the streets:

Perhaps it was a strap — a stirrup. He leant at his home carelessly

Now these things are no more; ~~& no~~
there is nothing left: ~~by~~ the castle is demanded; there is

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there is a ~~grain more, a~~ a simmering more, a subterfuge
hidden: a mutuality, a more secret. He will not
open the door. He tie his shoes: his clumsy ways: all
learned now in India; in some cemetery: laid out
in some dry place, some very ugly British flare faced;
I am to hide all this: I am to say nothing to any one.
I am to watch our hart perpetually dwindling
while they go on. They are barking about. That
boy almost missed the bus. And I know
that nothing of all this matters. I know we are
I who am so lonely now that I could weep. And
will weep, shortly, holding as of in a last
communication; as of once more we were in my protecting
together. (They will have buried him- ~~but~~ ~~I~~ ~~say~~
we are together, like the lamp burns; the tea
Cinder Jak: we are together, I say: oh yes; You
Cannot rob me of that; & I defy you to
you men in rodney boots & widows & women
going past the window: You cannot destroy
my sense of them: my delight: my rapture.
Look where he comes I said: in his shabby coat;
& so the lean Jak: as if the metal, there in my
them, melted, & felt. The tele gram still
lies on the table, between the salt cellar & the
mustard pot.

Bernard I am pierced thro by joy & sorrow.

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Now learn: begin: feed on me: tear my flesh. I see: I see:

"Such is the complexity of life" said Bernard. "And which is happiness & which is misery. I do not know. My son was born last night: today Percival is dead. I will put on my hat, & go out in order to be free from interruption & to spend this short time outside of the machine. There is a world that Percival no longer sees. There is the machine working, without our participation. I am a phantom in this street. Omnibuses, clouds, heights are taking their ways indifferently. I feel no attachment.

Now is my chance to this way of finding out something that I do not know — something important. I must be careful to avoid phrases; & lies. What was Percival to me Yesterday before I heard? was a point: as it were something upon which my mind rested: the focus of certain humorous & agreeable sensations (for days I did not think of him.) Now my mind goes to the central blaze & there is nothing there is not today; he is not Mussolini & thinks & feels warm, feels amused, feels an urgency. begun by instinct to create scenes, with others in strange Indian houses, to scenes merged of the past, & the present: he is seeing down a street in a sun helmet — no, he is reading the Vanity of human wishes with his leg over the arm of a Camp chair: instinctively I feel, no: you can't go there any more. That blaze is Unity. This Gone. That power, that Knowledge, Central blaze in my mind upon which I can rest, is lost.

It is there no more.

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Oh yes, casual people, indifferent & sceptic, something much more valuable than you know is lost. He lies in a long yellow room, where men move & breathe, with a bandage round his head. You, Percival, are not going to endure this belittlement. You have lost a great ruler; you unwitting people – somebody you would have liked to follow; & he would have loved one of you – a woman – & had a son.

But this is unimportant – I want to make more of this before it goes – what I felt, looking into the visual mirage the beautiful decoration which my eye creates perpetually – as a man riding in Italy "This is better than I had dared to hope. This is the utmost that you can do – he was not twenty six & should have lived to be eighty – this is the worst you can do (I am addressing some body Unlucky, cyclic, incredibly stupid) & this not enough. We remain stronger than you are. We – yes – that is myself & Percival. I am not going to lie down & weep – I am who am a man, with a son, in the prime of life: & this a fine day. A submissive attitude is wrong. Worse, a dogmatic. I cannot assert: I can merely say "Put to this test & that: Put to this: after this I will not dogmatise. What I have to remember further is (remembering how he struck the glass from my hand that day at Inn) Can I think this freely, in ridiculous situations? No stillness: no hope – And yet he rides a great horse with his hand raised. You would have had to reckon him – plain, indifferent, hurrying creature that you are. Down into tubes; or catching omnibuses.

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You would have had to jump up behind him.

Yet already you begin to greet your fascination. Curiosity is only knocked out for a very short time — perhaps half an hour. One cannot remain outside the machine for more than perhaps half an hour. Next comes the sense of the present, with a different perspective — what way? — There is the Indian hospital, the yellow lotus room, & the squatting black men pulling rokes: & then they bury him. And yet what famous actress has been divorced? This on the tele card. Begins the hospital is behind the tele card. I should like to buy a baker — & yet — I cannot yet undergo many but inevitable

Yes, whenever I discover a new vein in myself, I shall submit it privately to you. I shall refer it to you for your inspection. When I do? I shall ask. You shall be the supervisor of many of my actions. But will the pressure be effective after say, two years? I am now at the zenith of my experience: & with decline. I already feel that to say what luck — what luck — to be just 40 & all — would be to indulge. And the gallantry — the grace of the light of the lagoon in the early morning air — is gone. Calmly descending, infallibly, alighting two pelicans sank through the air as I looked out of the window. Something trivial, noisy, wonted, is taking its place. I am no longer terribly cautious of the unreality of things: of the act the omnibuses do not seem to me Cars of Juggernaut: faces again seem natural; & I do not feel it strange that people should stop

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& look in at windows. But surely he would have laughed then. Remember, that the Gallahin is presented in. That he would have declined. Remember. he was riding in a taxi, & died I think without any hint of farewell.

I must keep on walking, for if I change my rhythm, or meet anyone I know who make me stop, I shall be exposed to some sort of annihilation & I will go into the National Gallery & submit myself to the effect of pictures. Then there is very little time in which to ask myself that important question. Happily the obversion of the eye with the visual image – the bed, the ~~read~~ the black men tugging at robes – is growing. I ~~can~~ ~~perhaps~~ discover something lasting. may be remade. There are the cold madonnas among the Cri Italian. (The Baby suggests my baby: & still I can not separate sorrow from joy: I am still moved up in the side by Remembrance but then: I am a little man upheld by ancient instincts) Mercifully the pictures make no reference; they do not nudge; they do not haunt. The private, the particular, ~~the~~ anguish; the bed in the hospital. Yet they expand my consciousness the ~~the~~ agony again under another form. They almost persuade me that I can be heroic. : I who make pleasure so Easily, who am so Easily seduced; – who loves so well what comes next – who cannot Clench my hand or enforce my will – who am, Compared to him, weak, vacillating inconsistent. Had I done anything wrong to him I would have Carried it. Now I recover the sense of my loss. I see myself go to the place where he was a fool – Eighteen. I ~~shall not~~ ~~forget him~~ He Sick in his bath, & dead

The opportunity will be lost forever

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would return her back, for example singing Gilbert & Sullivan. He liked to shock people in his style: Chatterton, he did not bother if they were shocked or not, by his old coat, a hob-nail boot.

Then is my funeral service. We have no ceremonies, only private clergy. Nothing that has been said meets our case. We stop to pick up fragments. Jane irremediably inconclusive.

Shaken not by Tehan himself; then of the School of Tehan, so they say. Shame on the hairdo as Nahesgoat.

NYPL

how I recover what he was to me through a sense of my own unfortunity. He was Courageous: he was thankful: he spread round him a feeling of largeness & indifference. at the same time he had/ Great Compassion. I assure you that I could weep, thinking of the children crossing the road & Percival (which a foolish name) stooping to help them. Small scenes, behind doors, remain with me, too torment one: such small scenes return, with remain Why? Because they cannot be told a make me weep- they because they cannot be imparted. Hence our loneliness. Others when - very insignificant gestures merely.

what seen between doors - in flashes -

This is my funeral service. We have no ceremonies only funerals dirges We have no conclusions. Nothing has been said that suits our case. We pick up fragments, alone like this, in Doctors Galleries Titian is in the Italian room at the National Gallery. I doubt that Titian ever felt what I feel: painters are immune, living lives of methodical absorption, adding stroke to stroke - They are not scapegoats: they are not chained to rocks. But that crimson there must have burnt in his fingers; & he must have surged up with those great arms holding the cornucopia, & fallen like an avalanche there in that mass. What I feel Dies concerning is the silence - the perpetual obliteration of the eye. On me the pressure is intermittent & shuffled. I distinguish two little & two vaguely. I am titillated immoderately by some splendour -

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that rutted fur against the olive green lining of the
Morning intensity of the sky against the aqueduct arches; & the
Yellow light behind the pricked Ears of the olive Trees

They have added something – a serenity I think – to my
interpretation. 'If they survive, he survives' – how
Longer how low! They confirm some vague impression –
Could I lay hold of it – it would be important –
of continuity, entirety – the idea trickles in my hand.
Why this incessant devour for unity?
'All or one' – but what is the point of all being one?

I am gasping: I am flatted with Negations.
I dislike this numbness. There are others
suffering now; oh yes, there are multitudes suffering.
For example Neville. ~~Susan Rhoda & Jinny~~
I cannot interrupt that. But I want – some one to
talk to: a Normal, human thing. I want to
talk with someone with whom he had been not in love –
merely at his Ease. He was at his ease with
Jinny. There I can do my penance. Has
she, did he complain to her even: he does he tell her
how I intend to go abroad with him that time he asked me?
Did ~~he think of me with~~ Was he hurt?
O there are the Steps that will make me leap up
Wrenching in the middle of the night – for what
are women willingly do penance, bare headed, in
the market place – I would not go: I
made some gesture, & he said nothing. I want
to celebrate his greatness, to be assured that he thinks of
me with affection, as with a Norn: & to set work –
Jinny remembering may make things – & to laugh

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~~Naturally. I will take a taxi. I will go.~~"

"There is the hurdle" said Rhoda, "& I cannot cross it. I hear the roar of the great ~~grindstones~~ millstones whirling an inch ~~or two~~ above my head. I feel the rush of the grey wind. I ~~ache~~ ache to the bone of the bare ~~bone~~ darkness. Unless I ~~must touch~~ touch wood, wall; I must grope till I have found the wall.

It seems in my ear.

~~The~~ I will find something to touch, a wall. I shall be whirled down the windy corridors for ever. ~~The~~ I will buy a bunch of violets & make a wreath. She told me on the telephone. Percival is dead. Susan cried. But I never cry. I heard the grinding of the millstones & was blown where there is nothing. Now the shadow ~~falls~~ has fallen on the grove, where the white figure stands, I told them that Susan clothed in mist, down flowing with purple wound about her that night at dinner, when they talked about her shoes & her voice on the other side of the door. She landed from a ~~little~~ boat alone, on the shore where the waves ~~break & break~~ & withdraw leaving a lace ~~of~~ work of foam. But I will not make phrases, blending myself like a bulb with silk flowers. ~~I will accept this fate.~~ The heavens have cracked asunder; & here at last is my flash of light. Here is the tent in the world. Though when I see ordinary things like trees parched with lightning. ~~There is an old man at the corner with~~ I will go to Oxford Street & buy knocking. I will do unreal things, but with

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understanding; under their illumination; as an offering to Perceval, a bunch of violets, something given him by me.

Look at the street now that Perceval is dead; how lightly bounded the house stand, to be buffeted over by a breath of air. I am not alone in a hostile world. I do not want things I know, & touch & handle, about me. I want indifference & violence & to be ~~tossed up~~ dashed down like a stone on the rocks. I want to taste the ferocity & power of this universe.

I like factory chimneys & cranes & towers. I like the tramway cars & cars & cars, all perfectly indifferent. ~~Now~~ Now I am rid of better men: I am riding rough water with no one to help me. If it had not been for Perceval I might have run indoors. Now I write to the Post Office, & buy stamps. Cross Sahara & the dry stones burn my feet. Somewhere above me, falling, faint headlines unclearly a few heard a woman cars cease I could have discerned in them little kindness, hands touching, mothers & children. Now in Oxford Street I am offered by the sellers: faces face, coarse & fleshy & casual, almost informed, lustful in all wardrobes, vaguely brushing me with their vacancy, & pass & pass; eyes & fingers with they loved. Carry with parcels. But I am insane:

No: the scent with all these faces begins to wear down my flesh, to mask close: his breath is on my pleasure. Yes, who could have sand me, coming on nonchalantly in grey suit

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that night, & whose relaxing my imagination, have left me
to undergo this indignity; & am not yet twenty four.
I shall live to be old perhaps & shall be worn down
with rebellion. They will destroy you too — & the
circle of beach under the moon & the grove in the
flat land between where the grass-backed ships
hills come down together. [Now let me see you clear;
crush some herbs that brings you back to me: recall,
anything — you are still so close to me.] Until
though this broad daylight. & I am in Oxford Street. I will
make image after image to oppose to these carnal
visit that place now; & if & we walk more out our
homes, & gallop to some western island, where we
dismount, & I give you this bunch of violets.
They lie here beside me, & lush eglantine,
Green cowbind & the moonlight coloured May,

I see the grove, & the dark head bent

Now in the shop where they sell stockings. I must
walk not to make pleasure, blending myself like a
bank with silk streamers. I will buy my flowers in the
Covent Garden as a shop & buy stockings.

I could believe that beauty is in a more flowing.
I could believe, as I walk down these aisles, strung
with lace & thrown with baskets of silk &
handkerchiefs, that there are warm hollows in
the thick of the storm. Over me the leaves
are thick; & the crushed herb smells sweat.
Here we draw breath, in wordless communion — not a
flower stirs not a bird even — while the girl
opens drawer after drawer. They are to be
silk stockings of the colour of some stalk.
And their vulgar; & she is sharp; & then has

NYPL

difficulty in concealing her boredom: also she is like a worm among flowers. I must turn now & hang my bell & take my parcel, understanding better how intolerable my task is: for this is Oxford Street; & the there are other people: there are our companions: ~~with them~~ our lives are parcelled out: there is shouts press into our privacy.

Why have you trampled into the mud the only flower you ever bore? ~~Why have you~~ survived? in. ~~Let me Consider my friends~~ And ourselves – let me Consider my friends.

regards'.

I will seek relief in images. I will grope my way forward, across the street. Through those branches, ~~those flowers~~; reading the turf of that distant grove; ~~so for a myself~~ to push myself across the cavern, & reach hardness. I will buy a bunch of violets from an old man at the corner & make a wreath. Now the shadow has fallen across the figure which stands against the laurel leaves robed in beauty. It is now flowing downwards in rain with purple ~~around about~~ it

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"This is Oxford Street; there are our companions: hate & jealousy & strife. I think of Louis, who is afraid of being laughed at, because he speaks with an Australian accent. He sits in an Eating house, reading the Morning Column in an Evening newspaper (because he is timid & a ~~detestable~~ Snob) & he says, looking at the people passing, that he will reduce us to order so that he may love us. But we refuse to be reduced to order, & so hate us. ~~He hates Percival;~~ & the wits raise his sorrow by looking over the edge the street, at the sky. The women wits had lucky & the sea gulls.

Bernard will find his comfort sitting in an arm Chair, juggling with words, making phrases. Under the In his note book; (for he is to write a novel) he will work sake, while Percival love me? Expecting the Sulks phrases to be used on the Bleats of friends and Jenny answer ~~to~~ Yes. And Neville, after watching, work look up & say "Who is banging the window?" What lovely boy?" And Jinny, eyes set to the farmer, in the country, with Hand dazed, holding a bleat. Then wits a kick shuts the oven door. My rebuke to Percival is hatred of his friends. I detest mercenary, hope, egotistic vanity & all pleasure everywhere. All are at enmity with what I hold & time sticks. There is my offering to Percival.

~~But there was a holly on which was a blotter.~~

~~There was a blotter~~ -

But I cannot buy him stale flowers like these; withered flowers, violets crumpled, lilies yellowed. I will go to the Wax Museum, where they keep rings

NYPL

under glass cases; or old cabinets; or the vestments that
Kings have worn. I will go to Hampton Court & look
at the red walls & the courtyards, & the gentlemen & the
trees, herded in black pyramids, symmetrically among
flowers. & clover blend & some dignity lie in my tossed -
Dishevelled soul. But then I must stand in a queue;
I must smell sweat & scents; I must be hung like a
joint among raw flesh. Let me then hear
something plaged. Here is a hall, & you pay some
money & for your - & you take a seat in the
middle of somnolent summer afternoon's audience.

Having refreshed ourselves at luncheon
with beef & pudding we are ~~rather~~ ~~bent~~ accordingly
perhaps refleshed & ready to go on living again. We
Cluster like maggots on the back of something that
will carry us on. Women & mostly old & dowdier & decrepit;
they have white hair waved under their hats; they have
white gloves & fat little bags; they have clean shaven
Cheeks save for here & there a white moustache
moustache; notes thick as dust has been allowed to
settle on their broadcloth; they breathe in & out what
has already been said about Mozart & Beethoven: they are
stranded like walrus unwieldy with flesh -
~~many for some were to intimate them~~ they
~~their flanks heave. Her effort~~ & cannot wag
waddle further. They pray for some wave to lift them. to
waft them: they are too left asleep to move.

And the singer at new comes back to their
rescue. The sea-green singer; Swollen, but
Contained in flattering satin: The stallions arch his
fine neck & champ on an imaginary, pushing

NYPL

in her lips once or twice, while the absorptive man plays the first bar of the accompaniment. & then she inflates heavily & hurls heavily precisely at the right moment into the note "Ah."

Is this the plank upon which one flees & unwieldy bodies sink trundle into the sea? I suppose, In Some they have been children whose Core we can expand. This the Mount age woman at her bedroom window in Venice. The great Core of round ripples. with in its breathe. They Ah, and a woman to her lover at her bedroom window in Venice, leaning out shamelessly & unhesitatingly. Ah. yes ah; how The has provided us with a cry. But only a cry. And what is a cry? And then the breeze shakes me, with them violins; they Look; now; they in ah. Cling bring ripple. laughter. dancing almond flesh. I Come: but a magic & magic. The that what are magic? It has let her boat drift. & goes alone to the & the olive leaves dance; & the warm. But what are magic? Let me use this opportunity, to look magic under. & What magic? Something that we have made. Square & cobbly: placed on top green this: a perfect dwelling place. Very little & self-sufficient. One thing is enclosed on top of another; The structure has become visible. What is inchoate out there (the purple hazy) is here reclaimed. We are not so narrow as we mean. This is our creolation. This is our triumph.

The sweetness of this content overflowing from Down the walls of my mind & liberates melancholy, liberates understanding. We are all made Complacent by this wound, as if we were Consoled for some unbreakable misfortune. Or from home with his hemp to a beggar — Oh brave North,

The wife has a core within us. We can bathe within it.

NYPL

to a Jersey, as she knitted the oven door to, felt "Thin ones". I
she felt. "What a hot a type a one". "Her should be
Coward to submit to death" said Jenny. In short —
with beauty comes tenderness?

But now you they have

I should stand a lesson & look at works Hobbes by:
here comes somebody with a bag. somebody leading
a dog on a lead: there are also Gleaners hooking: this
for we learn a whole end. round.

2 ff

NYPL

& forbidding all that was dry & runs the drops together. & sweetens & makes flow down the walls of my mind understanding & that so that if Louis scolded Emily it was also said stopped on her way home, at some West Corner & sorry upstairs into her attic room, her room under the roof, & could not prevent her tears from flowing: & Jinny had much to cheek her rob but said again also & I can see that Susan, when she locked the door to, said some other few words "This over" The oblong boy has been placed in the Square boy; the on the square boy a spiral; the building is complete

But now Anna they have come back for the third time, & how not so industriously - they are wiping their Jaws with their pocket handkerchiefs - they are no longer so debonair - they are more have hauled in halfway down the shingle into the sea - Jhall go.

I will set a ode this afternoon: Jwill make a pilgrimage. talking walking, taking omnibus, - trams until I come. I will go to Greenwich. What have I picked? what flowers? Nothing very like a rose, or a orchid. Nothing that has been sheltered, a had time to flow. Not that to these People in the Our tribes flew up, that Isles added to the - bunch - or nothing There are not a rose or an orchid. But undoubtedly naturally as we lunch down Regent Street in this omnibus, talking together, I am not hungry not hurt, no, no not hurt; not wounded by the not injured by the collision. No no; they old men, said out; & Jinny for whispers for by any reason, & Jinny on them explosion out- & — was impossible to be. And then there mean

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streets where the chattering jews on a busy Sabbath morning
walk & several in hand arm in arm, & the people crowd out
to the all the road into the pavement — I am not
altogether alone, & there are flowers of kind; grass
tufts flowers that flowering among the rough glares of the
field which the cows trample, which are wind bitten.
stunted, which almost deformed. And there, Rebecca, I
may look up at the rooks, with clods of earth sticking to them.
For now I perceive down that the masts of ships,
there, among those chimneys; how I was
release the slaves that has been thwarted all this
morning, to fly to you; to be first, wings to the my
instinct, to let her the river, there alone with
all this complex; intricate, & to come
There is the river; & there is the river. Now I will
walk by the Thames, up & down, up & down, along
that little Embankment.
down by the river; I will walk up —
where is there a nobody where old man
reading the take on a plan shelf. I will loose
the tumult in my heart which is like the waves.
I will let fly my arrow; & the chained hounds
shall race; & I shall give myself to the water-
I shall come no longer restrain the leaper. Then
boundy then unrestrain down, wings & unbridled,
feet & hooves like the waves of the sea, to be
out of the gust of the free wind, away & away.

There is a ship, making for the sea. A woman
walks on deck with a dog bounds at her side.
They are going with the tide. They are
They are vanishing down down. And I drop into the waves.
The lilies, there violets. whose are roses at once —
are where you are, my violets

it
spread & dyed;
it
shall
that can
shall be
me:

& I will
fly with the
wave

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to be
spent to be
ephemeral
and
glory

encouragingly. Wearing my hand, I let fall ~~the~~ tear-marks
something that flows out, ~~towards~~ over the cobbles-wear,
the felt felt worn, hard the towers a-looking clumsy,
always. I let flow from me the hidden sense, checked-
crushed all days, pushed back, hidden under — the desire to
~~flow out~~ to rush & flow & be swept away —
away to the desert where we ride together
among swords, & over high pastures over
low hills that bound like greyhounds —

Behold now then ships that is coming on the full
tide; A woman walks a desk, with a dog
~~with~~ beside, bounding now & then the mast is thrown
against the sail. It is a small steamer, rusty, barred with
with barred funnels. They are making entrance the
narrow quay. And I unloosing my fingers I drop ~~out~~ the
my flowers, I let them fall into the wake; ~~this is~~ what I
has flown ~~into~~ the whole new few flowers. ~~I held the~~
grass weed, what I have held so tight — a
few flowers, flown, lost; the green blade sunk into
~~to~~ the wheel & sank.

NYPL The

*

The author would be glad if the following pages
were not read as a novel.

The waves ~~fell with a roar. They~~ massed themselves.
Fell: curled their backs & crashed; withdrew & thrust
with one rush they covered the old dead line of
old shells & weeds & empty bottles & sticks.
Green & glass. They might wound the rocks &
some spray leaping high fell & shattered the
rock hook. made the waves there leap against
& rent sheets of whiteness across the water

The sun burnt ~~over the~~ but ~~no longer~~ catching some
cloud, turned it to an intensity that made it
~~was~~ almost another sun; a long slice of
light, a burning island, a shore where which
no foot could touch; & then another cloud was
crenellated, serrated & toothed; so that the
light ~~what fell~~ on the waves had cavern of
lozenges & diamonds & ~~them~~ broken
in them blue. like the hard edges having
lines & the water round them was then
darker.

The birds sang now, & Caterculely perched above their
nests, between bars; with eleven; ayes which
they sang again. as if shutters were wound; as
if the fullness of midday forced them: &
the tap dripping also stopped as if the buckets
were almost full, & then began again, in the
~~back~~ ~~room~~ in the kitchen garden, near the
house.

The windows had now erratically shots of

NYPL

blank glare, or dark circles of the angles of some branches. & then came tranquil chaos of complete clarity. The The blind hung red; the walls of the room, the dagger of light fell with precision: here on the bulging green fruit, with a window on its side: here on a cabinet; & even through darkness before it veered to fetch out, behind the fruit some further shape, & then go beyond that another. But here in the foreground were all the china birds; the felt & clawed chairs; & the fire irons, & the &

"I have signed my own name" said Louis, "twenty times. And I have laughed aloud with joy. Thanks Miss Kennedy, Peter, & the typist whose name I forget. I have laughed, like the grey mares in the meadow like the heathen who neighs My movements seem to me just as undiscoverable grace. Catching my strangers one look. fresh in the glass, your name on a page, what can one do but laugh? Moreover, everything helps strong hands. The stairs are inflate me; like a shrivelled ape, who has looked with such intensity at whatever Gyges, who has hung shrivelled. I who am so Gyges eye, now he hath in my chair by my mahogany tube a whatever they are which he the letter that I have just signed to catch the mail. Remarkable Rare are such moments: rare & fine in the same day. Even the edge the fabric seems thanks, Mother: & its weight more veiled. Crisp haber, with a very dark. And I look out avidly at the map of the world, Land by the trees & rivers.

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Then I should stand on an empty grass plot: & say
There are rooks; here comes somebody with a bag;
the gardeners are trundling barrows: noting disorder &
this thing & that thing:

"I have signed my name" said Louis. "already twenty
times. Clear, firm, unequivocal, there it stands.
Clear cut, unequivocal am I too. ~~Then would fall~~
the shadow of a pyramid in mudlag in the sun.
Now I am content: now I am gathered together, this
fine morning.

But mornings are no longer 'fine'! Twelve ~~o'clock~~
o'clock means neither rain nor sunshine: it is the hour
when Miss Johnson brings me letters to sign for the
American mail. Upon ~~their~~ ~~journey~~ those white
sheets I indent my name. ~~Under~~ the whisper of
leaves ~~in~~, & ~~the~~ ~~travail~~ water running down
channels: & ~~dashes~~ green depths stacked with ~~coal~~
cotton, gunmetal - ~~I do not remember the names~~ &
coloured. lately ~~coal~~ & the I the new a Duke new
Plato, comparison of Socrates; & the
tramp of ~~feet~~ dark men, yellow men, marching
megaton like the swallows - ~~all~~ am summed
up in my one name; inked cleanly & clearly
when & the sheet. I repose in my effectiveness.
~~These~~ letters, ~~these~~ cables, ~~their~~ urgent commands
on the telephone to ~~Calcutta Bombay Cape Town~~
~~Stockholm~~ Berlin, Paris, & New York &
make effective, run into power, fuse & make
I fuse my many selves (no dreams). ~~I dare.~~ I
look at the map opposite & see our effective

in a wire flag

darkness

& women with petticoats

Rio

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Even the proud Jewish flowers shall
Mount Tabor (I think) arrange in a
lobbied vase.

x Schwerdtfeger mein spezieller

self who has forged those links that are the main effort by which fragments of the earth are bound together.
I give effect to my work. I often laugh. I love the obedience of my machine to the touch of my personal equipment of thin office. I like to hear the roll each of the left & the letters jerk as it does. A ~~Board meeting~~ I like to read my letters to have every hour allotted. Mr. Prentice coming at 4. Mr Egan at ~~4.30~~ 5.30. A Board meeting. ~~And the Times~~ There is no time ~~to read these papers~~ from
So, by dint of an united Effort we send these
thesis from the Indian China & other remote haunts of the globe
are effected (I am proud of modern life.) I am
find many distinct interests are involved
perceive the relation of one thing with another &
looking at some sketch in the Strand about
effect how many theme were adopted he would
marry & a healthy family. & increase the wealth
of the world in Zero. My shoulder is the wheel.
no doubt of it given in consistently. Whole send myself
where Chatham Hood. Pitt. Burke. Sir Robert Peel.
(Then I effect the expunge certain stains, seams,
defilements. ~~when I was a little boy~~ ~~to~~ that
woman ~~gave~~ me a clay from the top of the pen.
my accent. My father & Grandfather &
& innumerable obligations, servitudes &
longings to be accepted & not thrust out)
I am already on the way to be reversed & taken
I ~~regret my action~~ Good day. Mrs Johnson & may
frankly; & want a moment, unable to hold the
pressure of my mind from some Cause that must:
& then, casually ~~taking~~ taking letter the letters,

& its faculties
to welcome
the telephone. The
Atlantic liners open
has its
a track.

Then there
is a
Board
meeting
with
Lord Ritchie.

Lord
Dearborn
before me.

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Lord. neatly cuts a top of another in a wave: they land
(Rhoda would laugh:) sign them, effectively,
without doubt; & they are despatched.
And Jinny her children:
And indeed I keep my attic room; that's a border & cane arm
for the night only; there I still consult the clouds;
there I still watch the ~~moonlight~~ Queen, like a
policeman's waterproof, on the flats till: & as it
I watch, with sympathy, some challenge at her crashed
westering plane - But from her to five & my shoulder is
to the wheel; ~~the perfect enjoyment~~ & you whisper: there
letters are thrown from heart to heart; &
& my shadow steadily falls sharp as a pyramid
then is like: this sense of sharp jaggy shadow, & not
moment to spare, & purpose taging every ounce of energy,
of energy & wage: climbing a ladder of berg up in
the sun, there is life; this is the moment when
Sweeney from his bay steps, between two flats. The brain
wind blows taut, & there is no hunting doubt, or
despair & lapses: the weight of the wind rests on us;
that is vision is bright on eye: blank, hard arcs &
ices explicit on the world some painful obliquity
stir our daily;
& yet even as I set here rejoicing & remembering,
incessantly my name again & again
vomiting sensation, some music; & I laughs; &
wonder; or had some dreams. To dream it; then, I
go to Hampstead or to Kew; or to some
tavern by the docks, to watch over life: other life:
to witness regularly the unreal tide; &
at midnight climb my attic, & there the
usual letter book. But Rhoda comes,

NYPL

to cast doubts on my achievements, & then, by way of a whole we fall to talking of I, over the fire, of Calcutta, maybe, or some other remote land; & the desirable Jayan: her garden, & her child:

But the help rings: the left door marked Ward; Shear the door open & shut: Chor is muddy: & the Calcutta mail having died down & the tentative tobacco of South Wards have now — (1)

& later what is to come: a board meeting; my assembly speech: more talk over the shoulder, in Gujerati. The chit round for the going Colleagues; & in time I shall be admitted to a share of their drink, bank & blotting paper & general air of unfathomable. This then is the true use of life — to cast the dice upon personalities over the more wavering faces of others: to do our will: & achieve our aim: to lend them help to dominant hearts; & then, Certain up Town on a year or December to buy a place in Surrey with glass houses, & hothouse & home apple & some other rarity to show our friends when they come, in rather inferior cars, to visit us.

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"And I return the nursery" said Susan, "by the fire.
And the Kettle boils. & I fill the hot bottle, & I hasten, with
velvet cover to the cradle where my Child sleeps. ~~Jane now~~
The steam of the boiling has obscured the window. I see
the bear the through drops of that water.

Sleep, Baby, Sleep. I who am primitive, unmelodious,
never hear any music, but now a dog barks, bells
bells tinkle, the Cartwheels scrunch the gravel,
~~& I thank, I hear the country crowing, as it~~ & I now
sit here singing my song, Sleep, Sleep; like an old
Gipsy by her last fire ~~as~~ spreading her hands to the blaze;
in a ditch;
Oh Sleep. Sleep; I sing; ~~as if I could~~ who shall dare
interrupt May, my old melody, my maternal song;
Sleep. sleep; who shall spoil milk cans under the
window or fire at the rooks, or shoot rabbits or
bring any thing in ~~to~~ fire in stubble, ~~&~~ dead destruction near this
wicker basket, laden with soft limbs, under a pink Coverlet.
~~Rocked on~~ Here lies my
I am no longer January a May or any other season; but
all vigilant; all protective; ~~all eye~~ fixed my
~~Ears are pricked & mist~~ with my eyes and on the
Kettle now on the ~~&~~ Cradle; & every time I wrapped
~~round the cradle~~; fire from my heart wrapping
the cradle; & letting keep out only the small
face; one hid. Sleep. Sleep. I croon, & find that my
rough voice, ~~my Cry~~ of that had two notes only,
I low. I hale, has learnt another ~~deep~~ note;
bubbling, ~~like as if from a deep well~~; like a
as if the real had been ~~broken~~ unstopped;
taken from a well; now bubbles up something not

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love, nor hate: but deeper still; dark water, from Caverns beneath
these fay Towers: so that I could easily fell with a
blow any intruder or snatcher, any one who should aim
at the limbs there; he should die, he should fall.

I go padding about the house all day long in
a fever, restless. Whether it is Summer, whether it is
Winter I no longer know by the moor grass or
the heath flowers; only by the steam on the window
pane & the frost on the window pane.
When the Lark heals high his ring of wood — it
falls through the air like the shaving of an apple —
I am looking to find my baby. I who used to
walk all day through beech woods noting the
jay's feather, how it turns as it falls, I
have shepherd & tramp, & stared at the woman
squatted beside a tilted cart in a ditch
now go from room to room with a duster &
pick up trotters toys. Sleep. Sleep. I say,
crooning, deserving sleep to come like a blanket & down
to cover these weak limbs; demanding of life that it
breathe its tusk claw hystery, thunder & sleep; &
the making with my own body a warm hollow;
some alcove; some shelter. Let the my child
sleep; let the soft flesh firm freely; & let
grey light the eye; & let the cupped hand curling
close feel to my finger a clasp my finger, & the
arms be opened to come to me. Then I hold him to me,
by the fire; or take him to the window, & he & I
together look at the bear tree; at the evergreens in the
high branches; & the sky; & the clouds; & the

tent
away

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blue. & I think these eyes are such as when mine are shut;
beyond me, clearing the dark still; & I go mixed with
them, beyond my body, inward interwoven with his,
among strange men, buying & selling; perhaps in
Law Courts, perhaps in money matched. Then voice
my voice shall be heard; & he will bring me trophies,
laying them at my feet, in creasing my possessions.

But I never see at dawn & see the red roses on the
roses. & I do not lie out at night, nothing have one
strong sphere with here now then there now that; &
then look again & the stars have moved further.
The butcher-carts & the milk has to be stood in the
shade lest it should sour.

Hush sleep. Day, Bubble. bubble. bubble.
happiness ~~singes~~ through me. This is life; Day;
All things blowing, all things growing, as the men
used to say, when they brought the hot wound
I change my song & ~~very gently~~ mutter gently as the
kettle boils, Life life, more breath; come gently &
gently & forever hovering like that steam; come
more visibly; filling my veins with some
clothing through them; making them felt out & stretch;
till I feel, as I go about the house "I am
glutted with natural happiness. I can hold no more. Let
it more must come, more children, & their children. —
ah their sickness, anguish, ~~because some~~
Greater, ~~because some~~ I shall say, or what
may touch me like the high cold wind over the
moor. Life, life; & I cannot control,
or stop, or know where I am going. blown by

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life like a leaf over the moor. I am no more than something flying, driven, hurtled this way & that.

Sometimes I am flatted with natural happenings; afraid of natural happenings. Sometimes, when we sit, husband & I before his fire talking with, sewing, with his dog, & his bread-baker fallen from her hand with the noise of meetings & markets, & I with knitting, sewing, or some such handiwork, the lamp stood in the middle of the table kindles the dark pane; makes a lamplit street among the evergreens; & they ~~down~~ stop reading, sewing, or knitting & thread my needle. a bunch of lighted rooms, white lace curtains & figures in a yellow dress stepping like a knife from its sheath from a motor car; & then all in every dress, around the fire. they go into some room, & crowd & shout, about politics or about pictures, or whether they do not talk, but withdraw ~~their~~ & press each other's hands, there is some alcove, there is some sunken seat, press out some wine, some gin, some intoxication, so that the homes effluate ~~out~~ & bend, so young told me; "became one's life is changed" she said. "for ever; ~~all~~ in one moment."

But there is no wound in our home, save the creak of evergreens; old nurse moving rather heavily across the floor; the cry of my child in his sleep; & an owl's watery laughter; some life bubbling; some cow mooing; ~~& having threaded my needle~~ I feel the deep waters rise & bubble; &. natural happiness, life: & so I thread my needle.

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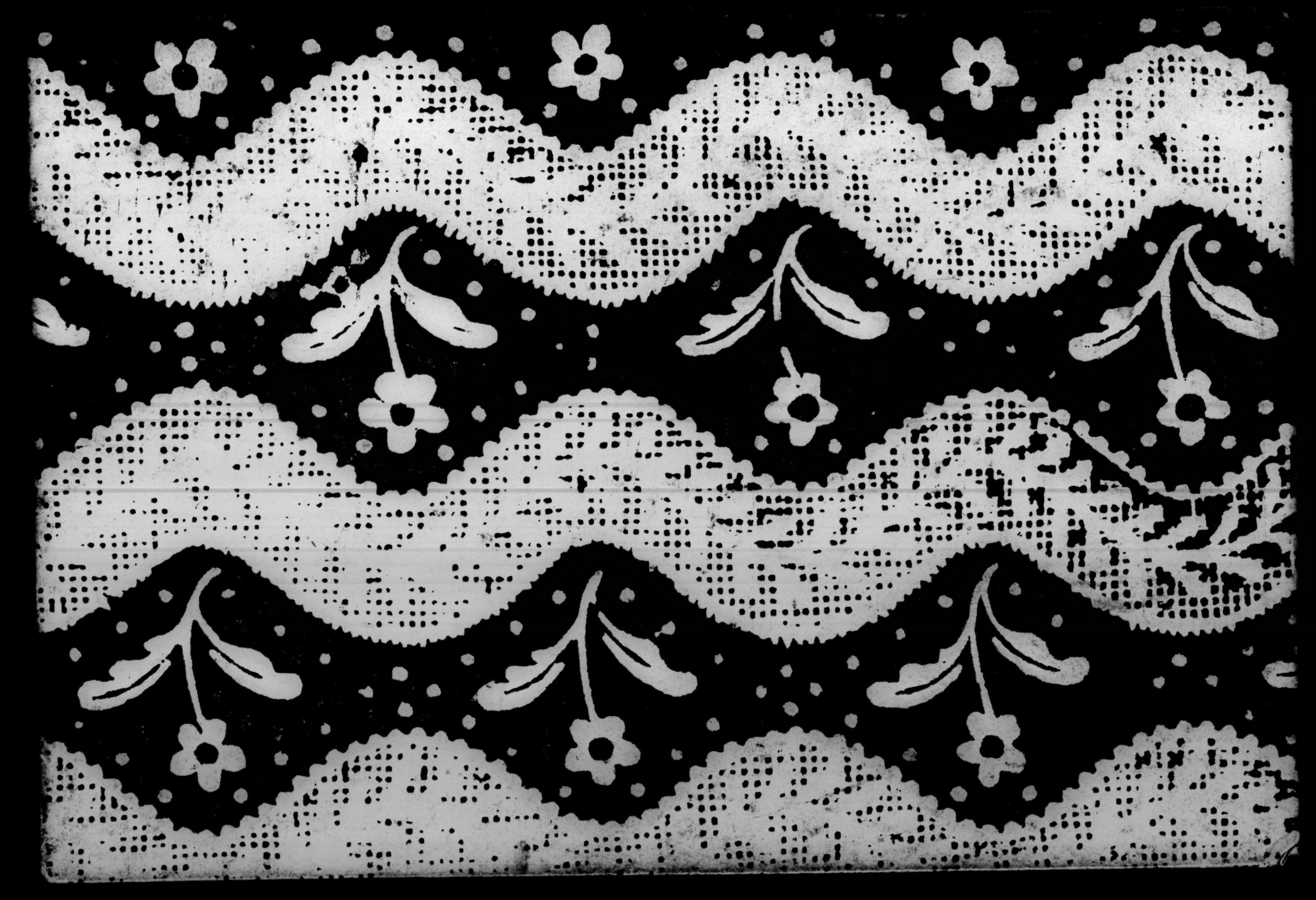
life like a leaf over the moor. I am no more than something flying, driven, hurtled this way & that.

Sometimes I am flutter with natural happenings; afraid of unnatural happenings. Sometimes, when we sit, husband by husband in his fauteuil with, perhaps, with his dog, & his book taken fallen from his hand with its relics of meetings, markets, & I with knitting, sewing, or some such handiwork, the lamp shed in the middle of the table kindles the dark pane; makes a lamplit street among the evergreens; & they [illegible] threading my needle. a block of lighted rooms, white square cut & jutting in a yellow glow flickering like a knife from its sheath from a motor car; & then all in every door, round the block. they go into some room, & crowd & shout, about politics or about lectures, or whether they do not talk, but withdraw [illegible] & pour each other's hands, there in some alcove, there in some sunken seat, pour out some wine, some fruit, some intoxication, so that the houses opposite rise & bend, so Jenny told me; "became one's life is changed" she said. "for ever; ah in one moment."

But there is no sound in our house, save the creak of evergreens; old nurse moving rather heavily across the floor; the cry of my child in his sleep; & an owls watery laughter; some pipe bubbling; some cow mooing; & [illegible] I feel the deep waters rise & bubble; & I thread my needle. natural happenings, life: & so I thread my needle.

The Waves

vol. 5.

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